



THE FRIENDLY POETS

AND SOME OF THEIR POEMS

W. H. MANDREY
AND
ANNA L. CURTIS



Class PR1175

Book M3

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THE FRIENDLY POETS

And Some of Their Poems

Frequently Required for Memory Work in the Schools

WITH INTRODUCTORY MATERIAL
FOR TEACHER AND PUPIL

BY

W. H. MANDREY

Supervisor, State Board of Education, Conn.

AND

ANNA L. CURTIS

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE

Gathered together in this little book are a hundred or more of the poems most frequently used in primary and grammar grades for reading and memory-work. Part of these poems require neither notes nor explanations. Others present serious problems to the conscientious teacher of literature in country places, where libraries may be small, or entirely lacking. She may vaguely recall historical, personal, or literary associations which would add greatly to the interest and value of the poem in question, yet be unable to find such material in the reference-books at her command.

It is for the help of such teachers and their pupils, and the pleasure of like-minded readers, that this book has been prepared. The introductions to the poems are intended as backgrounds or settings, giving, perhaps, the historical foundation, or the circumstances under which a poem was written. In the case of

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nature-poems, an extract from a well-known writer on the wild life of wood and field may be used. Sometimes, a few words of biography will illuminate a poem.

The poet's aim is to communicate to others the emotion which impels him to write his poem. To the reader who shares this emotion, the poet can never more be a stranger. He is a friend, who expresses the thoughts and feelings of many, voiceless but for him. To be such a friend is his mission, such friendliness is his divine gift.

I have always known the poets as the most sympathetic and satisfying of friends. There are many, old as well as young, who do not thus recognize them. It is with the hope of changing a mere casual acquaintance into true and lasting intimacy that we have gathered here, for friendship's sake, these friendly words of the Friendly Poets.

—ANNA L. CURTIS.

THE FIELD AND THE MEANING OF POETRY

The purpose of this book is to assure that each teacher using it will have a background which will enable her to present the poems to the pupils as bits of literature. Each poem has a message. At times it is easily understood in the very words of the poet. At other times an interpretation is required before the child grasps the meaning of the selection. This book aims to interpret where necessary, and to supply additional data concerning the author and his work. It also outlines a general method for teaching poetry.

Poetry is an expression of the finest sentiments and emotions of mankind so presented as to claim consideration for beauty of form and metrical composition. It frequently draws upon the imagination for its source, coming from the heart rather than from the intellect.

The field of poetry may be divided as follows :

I The Lyric, distinctly the poem of emotion and song.

1 Song—simple, natural expression of the poet's feelings on any sentiment.

2 Anthem—a song with a religious sentiment.

3 Hymn—somewhat similar to the anthem.

4 Elegy—expressing grief mingled with reflection.

5 Sonnet—a short poem in fixed form limited to 14 lines.

6 Ode—an expression of intense feeling and enthusiasm of the poet.

II The Epic, the poetry of narration.

1 The great Epic—a noble theme based on mythology, legend or religion involving a supernatural element or a complete and unified story; plot action concentrated in short time; the brief elements wholly or partly under superhuman control.

a National.

b Artistic.

2 The lesser Epic—

a Metrical romance or tale—a complete story in humble form of

narrative poetry with love and humor predominant; the theme is less grand and noble than in the great Epic and the supernatural element is less prominent; the style is more easy and familiar; this is the product of the age of chivalry.

b The Ballad—shorter and less descriptive than the tale; it tells its story rapidly and simply.

c The Pastoral—slightly narrative poem depicting rural life with a large element of description but with little action.

d The Idyl—pictures simple *country* life; quiet homely scenes appealing to gentle emotions (*Evangeline*), or pictures highly spectacular life involving scenes of action and appealing to strong emotions (*The Idylls of the King*).

III Dramatic, the poetry of action, the poetry of the stage.

1 Tragedy—deals with solemn themes showing a mortal will at odds with

fate; it inspires pity, terror and awe; it leads through a plot to a foreshadowed and inevitable catastrophe, leading to the final overthrow of the mortal who has been either criminal or mistaken in his motive.

- 2 Comedy—deals with lighter themes, with the follies, accidents or humors of life; the end is satisfactory to the reader and is not foreshadowed; the aim is to produce amusement or mirth.

IV Didactic poetry—this is in the form of the Epic, the Dramatic or the Lyric, but appeals to the intellect rather than to the emotions.

- V Satirical—this, too, is addressed to reason, and aims to expose the evils of society.

W. H. MANDREY.

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AS TO THE ARRANGEMENT

There is no more difficult task than to arrange a list of poems in the proper order for presentation to children according to age. Some poems are for all ages; others, with a youthful spirit, may include a few words beyond the child's comprehension. No three persons will agree throughout upon the grading of a group of poems for school children.

The compilers of this book, therefore, have not graded it more than to divide it into three sections. They believe that, on the average, the poems in Part I are for younger children than those in Part II, and that those at the beginning of each part are more juvenile than those at the end. Part III contains some poems for young children, some for older ones, but many suitable for all ages.

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THE FRIENDLY POETS

TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR

JANE TAYLOR

Far away in the sky, there shine out every night thousands of tiny bright sparks that we call stars.

It is hard to believe, but it is true, that those little points of light are really suns, like the big, blinding ball that makes daylight for us, and which we can never look in the face without tears, unless we use smoked glasses to protect our eyes. The star-suns look small because they are so very far away. Many of them are much bigger and brighter than our sun, and so hot that if they were near enough they could scorch the whole earth black in a very short time.

We are rather glad to know that these great blazing star-suns are so far from us that every twinkle that we see has been traveling for a

year or two—perhaps more—since its own star twinkled it at us.

TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR *

TYPE: LYRIC

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are;
Up above the world, so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

Then the traveller in the dark,
Thanks you for your tiny spark;
He could not tell which way to go
If you did not twinkle so.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep,
For you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.

* Musical setting. Anonymous in *Book of a Thousand Songs*, *Franklin Square Song Collection*, No. 1, *Golden Book*, and *Songs the Children Love to Sing*; and by Gertrude Walker in *Songs and Games for Little Ones*.

As your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveller in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

—JANE TAYLOR.

THE WIND

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

The wind was ever the friend and playmate of the little boy, Louis Stevenson. And when he grew up, the wind was still his friend, even to the choosing of a home for him. After a long sickness, he set sail from San Francisco in a beautiful schooner-yacht, trusting the Trade Wind to blow him to some pleasant island where he might get well and strong again. In that part of the world, the Trade Wind is always blowing south, and so the yacht went south with the wind.

“The ‘*Shining Ship*’ (that was what the natives called her) poked her sharp nose into many a sweet bay and dark-blue lagoon, and passed from island to island through calm and storm, and picked her way through surf-swept reefs where the sharks played like minnows

beneath her keel. . . . The Trade Wind took Mr. Stevenson a long way, and through many queer and dangerous places before it brought him within sight of Upolu in Samoa, and told him to pack up and go ashore; which Mr. Stevenson was very glad to do, for he quite agreed with the Trade Wind that Upolu was the finest island in the whole ocean. . . . In a short time he grew well and strong, just as he hoped he would, and remained grateful all his days to the Trade Wind for bringing him to Upolu; and he always made a point of speaking kindly about it in his books.”

From Lloyd Osbourne's *Letters to Young Friends*. Copyright, 1895, by St. Nicholas and the Century Co.

THE WIND *

I saw you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass—
O wind, a-blowing all day long!
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

* Musical setting by F. D. Allen, in *Song Echoes from Child Land*; W. H. Aiken, in *Willis Collection*.

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all—
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

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TINY LITTLE SNOW-FLAKES

Anonymous; sometimes attributed to

LUCY LARCOM

The great ocean of air, at the bottom of which we live, is full of water-vapor, which is always rising from the earth, like steam from a kettle. A cool wind, blowing high in the sky, chills this vapor into millions of tiny water-drops, making them visible, and forming clouds. If the wind

is freezing cold, the vapor does not form drops, but small threads of ice, which cling together and make snowflakes.

Some years ago, a balloonist, 13,000 feet above the earth, sailed through an immense cloud of snow, nearly a mile thick. In all this cloud every flake was a crystal, small but perfectly formed, and distinct from all the others, and though there were hundreds and hundreds of patterns, nearly every one was six-sided or six-pointed.

On the earth we seldom find perfect snow-crystals, as they have been blown about by the wind, and beaten against each other in their flight from the upper air. But we know that when it leaves the sky, every flake is a crystal star of perfect form and beauty.

TINY LITTLE SNOW-FLAKES *

Tiny little snow-flakes,
In the air so high,
Are you little angels
Floating in the sky?

* Musical setting by Daniel Batchellor, in *Songs and Games for Little Ones*.

Robed so white and spotless,
Flying like a dove,
Are you little creatures,
From the world above?

Whirling on the sidewalk,
Dancing in the street,
Kissing all the faces
Of the children sweet,
Loading all the housetops,
Powdering all the trees,
Cunning little snow-flakes,
Little busy bees!

SPRING

CELIA LAUGHTON THAXTER

When Celia Thaxter was five years old, she went to live on Appledore, one of the Isles of Shoals, near the coast of New Hampshire. It is a tiny island, "swept by every wind that blows, and beaten by the bitter brine for unknown ages." In the summer, ferns, mosses, and flowers grow in every crack and cranny of the rocks, and the little girl loved every flower, and every inch of the ground. She had a tiny

garden of her own, every blossom so precious that she did not like to gather them, and when they withered, she carried them all to one hiding-place, and laid them tenderly together.

But winter on the island was a terror, even after she grew up. "When all out-of-doors turns your deadly enemy, it is hard to bear," she said. "We are imprisoned as completely as if we were in the Bastille; a mail perhaps once in two weeks, and the north-west wind mounting guard over us day and night, and howling like ten thousand raving fiends. . . . Twenty weeks of bluster between us and spring." (From *Letters of Celia Thaxter*, 1895.)

Spring! She looked forward to spring as to the opening of prison doors.

Bastille—A famous prison in Paris.

SPRING *

The alder by the river
Shakes out her powdery curls;
The willow buds in silver
For little boys and girls.

* Musical setting by Edmund Sawyer in *Song Echoes from Child Land*; and by Hermann Strachauer, in *Songs and Games for Little Ones*.

The little birds fly over
And, oh, how sweet they sing!
To tell the happy children
That once again 't is spring.

The gay green grass comes creeping
So soft beneath their feet;
The frogs begin to ripple
A music clear and sweet.

And buttercups are coming,
And scarlet columbine,
And in the sunny meadows
The dandelions shine.

And just as many daisies
As their soft hands can hold
The little ones may gather,
All fair in white and gold.

Here blows the warm red clover.
There peeps the violet blue;
O happy little children!
God made them all for you.

—CELIA LAIGHTON THAXTER.

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SINGING

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Robert Louis Stevenson could never sing well. But when he was a very small boy, he often made little verses which he sang over and over to himself. He called them his "Song-stories." A few years later, he was singing "How many Miles to Babylon?" while he and his cousins galloped on their hobby-horses "a thousand miles around the garden," reaching Babylon "just in time for tea."

More than anything else, Louis liked to play traveling. Without leaving his father's garden, he visited all the countries of the earth and fairyland, and saw how the children ate and dressed and played all over the world. When the garden was a garden, there were birds singing in the trees. But if he were playing "foreign countries," instead of birds, he would hear the children of Spain or of far Japan.

SINGING

Of speckled eggs the birdie sings
And nests among the trees;
The sailor sings of ropes and things
In ships upon the seas.

The children sing in far Japan,
The children sing in Spain;
The organ with the organ man
Is singing in the rain.

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

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What are some of the songs that you like best? Why?

Which is your favorite school song?

THE DAYS OF THE MONTH

If you wish to remember anything, put it into rhyme, and see how much easier it will be. How could we possibly be sure of the number of days in each month without the little verse that everyone knows? This rhyme, or one like it, is almost 350 years old. In the year 1577, a man named William Harrison wrote a Latin verse about the days in each month. The verse we know is almost exactly translated from this old Latin rhyme.

In 1590, Richard Grafton wrote, in old-fashioned spelling,

“Thirty dayes hath Nouember,
April, June, and September,

February hath xxviii alone,
And all the rest have xxxi”

Grafton forgot about leap-year. The next verse-maker, in 1606, did not make such a mistake.

“Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November,
February has twenty-eight alone,
All the rest have thirty-one;
Excepting leap year,—that’s the time
When February’s days are twenty-nine.”

Other people have changed the verse, and some of us know it one way, and some another,—but the thing that really matters is to know how many days are in each month.

DAYS OF THE MONTH

Thirty days hath September,
April, June and November;
All the rest have thirty-one,
February twenty-eight alone,
Except in leap-year, at which time,
February’s days are twenty-nine.

WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD

EUGENE FIELD

Eugene Field wrote these verses for his daughter Ruth, or "Little Sister Girl," as he called her. Instead of an ordinary waste-basket, a large high clothes-basket stood beside his writing-table. When "Little Sister Girl" was a baby, she was often placed in this basket, in a nest of waste papers. Behind her, he had set a fishing-rod from which dangled a toy within easy reach of the baby's hand.

So the two would sit there together, the baby playing and her father working. He often stopped his work, however, to sing her queer little verses, or tell her funny little stories. And "Little Sister Girl" would smile at him so happily, that she helped him to write many of his lullaby songs and child verses. *Wynken, Blynken, and Nod* was written in this way, with little Ruth smiling at her father from her clothes-basket nest.

See *St. Nicholas*, 1895.

WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD *

TYPE: LYRIC

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night

Sailed off in a wooden shoe—

Sailed on a river of crystal light,

Into a sea of dew.

“Where are you going, and what do you
wish?”

The old moon asked the three.

“We have come to fish for the herring fish

That live in this beautiful sea;

Nets of silver and gold have we!”

Said Wynken,

Blynken,

And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,

As they rocked in the wooden shoe,

And the wind that sped them all night long

Ruffled the waves of dew.

The little stars were the herring fish

That lived in that beautiful sea—

* Musical setting by Giovanni Risiello, in *Riverside Song Book*; by Reginald De Koven, in *Songs from Eugene Field*.

“Now cast your nets wherever you wish—
Never afeard are we”;

So cried the stars to the fishermen three:

Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
To the stars in the twinkling foam—
Then down from the skies came the wooden
shoe,

Bringing the fishermen home;
’Twas all so pretty a sail it seemed
As if it could not be,
And some folks thought ’twas a dream
they’d dreamed

Of sailing that beautiful sea—
But I shall name you the fishermen three:

Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one’s trundle-bed.

So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock in the misty sea,
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen
three:

Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

—EUGENE FIELD.

From *The Poems of Eugene Field*. Copyright, 1910. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

AMERICA

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH, D.D.

Dr. Smith was twenty-three years old when he wrote the words of *America*. A friend, Lowell Mason, had lent him a book of German songs, asking him to translate some of them into English. As he turned the leaves he came to the air to which are set the words of *God Save the King*. He read the German words, and thought that a truly American song would fit

the music as well as a German one, or one for England. A scrap of paper lay on his table, and on this he wrote, in just half an hour, his own poem, *My Country, 'Tis of Thee*, which has become our national hymn, and is now called *America*.

The new hymn was first sung at a Fourth of July celebration in Boston. During the Civil War it gained great popularity. The tune serves as the national anthem for America, England and Prussia.

AMERICA *

TYPE: LYRIC

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of Liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let Freedom ring.

My native country thee,
Land of the noble free,

* Set to air of *God Save the King*, by Dr. Bull. It appears in practically all the song-collections herein mentioned.

Thy name I love ;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet Freedom's song ;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathes partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing ;
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light,
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

—SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH.

THE BAREFOOT BOY

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Whittier tells the truth when he says "I was once a barefoot boy." All this poem is the story of what he saw and knew and did when he was a country boy in Haverhill, Massachusetts. The old farmhouse in which he lived was a hundred and fifty years old, and stood almost in the woods, being surrounded on three sides by forests. On the fourth side was a low green meadow with a noisy brook foaming through it. Butternut and walnut trees stood near the house, and behind it was a row of beehives. In the big barn, to which in the winter they dug paths through the snow, stood a horse, cows, oxen, and sheep. A pickerel pond lay near by, and an orchard was within easy reach of his hand. His parents could tell dozens of stories of bears, pioneers, Indians and witches—what more could life offer to a barefoot boy?

THE BAREFOOT BOY

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!

With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy,—
I was once a barefoot boy!

—JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

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ALL THINGS BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL

MRS. CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER

(The poem is sometimes credited to John Keble)

“In the beginning, God created the heaven
and the earth. And the earth was without form
and void.”

Wise men say it was once a great, shapeless,
red-hot mass, surrounded by clouds of steam.
After a long, long time, the outside cooled a
little, making a crust around the melted mass
inside. As the earth cooled, the clouds of vapor

around it cooled also, and heavy showers of rain fell continually.

Then for years and years great changes went on. Sometimes the steam inside, trying to escape, would push the crust into bumps and wrinkles, making a mountain or a whole range of mountains. Sometimes the inner fires would burst out in great volcanoes, bigger than any we have to-day, pouring out streams of melted rock. Or sometimes, weak spots in the crust would sink down and leave great hollows and depressions. Into these depressions, the waters were gathered, making the lakes and oceans.

So for millions of years, the earth was being made, until it was ready for flowers and trees and animals and people.

ALL THINGS BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL *

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

* Musical setting, Anonymous, in *Child's Song Treasur.* *

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset, and the morning
That lighteth up the sky.

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one.

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water,
We gather every day;—

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell,
How great is God Almighty,
Who hath made all things well.

—MRS. CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

This poem aims to give in verse the biblical story of the Creation, pointing out that all those things which are good and beautiful are the work of God, the Creator. Moreover, the very small as well as the enormously large objects are the work of His hand. Name and discuss some of the bright, the beautiful, the great and the small things that God has given us to enjoy and use.

THANKSGIVING DAY

LYDIA MARIA CHILD

The first Thanksgiving party was held in October, 1621, and lasted for three days. The Pilgrims, who had come to Plymouth, Mass., the year before, had suffered much during the winter and fully half of them had died. But the summer was warm, their sick recovered, and their crops were good.

“Let us celebrate,” they said. “Let us have a feast and give thanks to God for His help throughout the year. And to show that we are thankful for the friendship of the Indians, and the food they have given us, let us ask Chief Massasoit and his tribe to come to our thanksgiving feast.”

And so it was done. But a Thanksgiving party was an experiment, and might, perhaps, be dangerous. So the squaws and papposes kept the wigwam fires burning, while ninety gaily-decked braves went to the party, headed by Chief Massasoit, and Squanto, the Indian who spoke English.

Three days were spent in games and feasting. There were foot-races and wrestling matches, and trials of marksmanship, the Indians with bows and arrows, the white men with guns.

And three times a day they ate—venison, roast turkey, clam chowder, and pies and cakes and other baked food, such as the Indians had never seen before. And at every meal they all thanked God for His bounty and care.

THANKSGIVING DAY *

TYPE: SIMPLE LYRIC

Over the river and through the wood,
To grandfather's house we go;
The horse knows the way
To carry the sleigh
Through the white and drifted snow.

* Musical setting by Margaret B. Morton, in *Songs and Games for Little Ones*.

Over the river and through the wood—
Oh, how the wind does blow!
It stings the toes
And bites the nose,
As over the ground we go.

Over the river and through the wood,
To have a first-rate play.
Hear the bells ring,
“Ting-a-ling-ding!”
Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day!

Over the river and through the wood
Trot fast, my dapple-gray!
Spring over the ground,
Like a hunting-hound!
For this is Thanksgiving Day.

Over the river and through the wood,
And straight through the barn-yard
gate.
We seem to go
Extremely slow,—
It is so hard to wait!

Over the river and through the wood—
Now grandmother's cap I spy!
Hurrah for the fun!
Is the pudding done?
Hurrah for the pumpkin-pie!

—LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

DAISIES

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

Twinkling in the sky over our heads are thousands of stars, too many for us to count. They are strewn as thickly as the daisies in the fields. "They are the flowers of the great sky-tree," said the Egyptians of long ago. "When the day is done, the sun hides among the leaves of the tree. The flowers glittering in his light are the stars that we see in the sky."

DAISIES

TYPE: SIMPLE LYRIC

At evening when I go to bed
I see the stars shine overhead;
They are the little daisies white
That dot the meadow of the Night.

And often while I'm dreaming so,
Across the sky the Moon will go;
It is a lady, sweet and fair,
Who comes to gather daisies there.

For when at morning I arise,
There's not a star left in the skies;
She's picked them all and dropped them
down
Into the meadows of the town.

—FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

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A CHILD'S PRAYER

MATILDA BETHAM EDWARDS

King Richard, the Lion-Heart, of England,
was once captured by an enemy, and was held
a prisoner until the people of England paid a
heavy ransom for his freedom.

In the old stories, it is said that for months
after his capture, he was kept so closely im-

prisoned that his friends had no idea where he was, except that he was in some castle in Germany. Finally his minstrel, Blondel, set out to search for him with a song. The king and the minstrel had together composed a song, and it was by this song, which had never been sung by anyone else, that Blondel hoped to find his master.

From castle to castle he wandered, at each place singing, and playing on his lute to amuse the people, and often lingering around the castle-walls singing the song that Richard knew. Months passed away, and still he wandered and hoped. At last, one night, as he sang the song under the grated windows of a lofty tower, another voice joined in the strain. Blondel had found the King—had found him, with a song.

A CHILD'S PRAYER

TYPE: LYRIC

God make my life a little light,
Within the world to glow—
A tiny flame that burneth bright,
Wherever I may go.

God make my life a little flower,
That giveth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although its place be small.

God make my life a little song,
That comforteth the sad,
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad.

God make my life a little staff,
Whereon the weak may rest,
That so what health and strength I have
May serve my neighbor best.

—MATILDA BETHAM EDWARDS.

This poem has a valuable lesson for old as well as young. The prayer of this little child gives expression to the hope that she will be able to lead a life of usefulness and service to others. It further expresses the hope that she will be satisfied with her station in life, humble though it be, and that in a modest, unpretentious way she will be able to benefit those about her.

Native bower—the spot where it grew up, its natural home.

BLOW, BLOW, YE WINTER WIND

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

In Shakespeare's play, *As You Like It*, the youth Orlando was so hated by his older brother, for no cause at all, that finally he was forced to leave his home, to save his very life. An old servant accompanied him, and they traveled for many days until they came to the forest of Arden, and found themselves lost, and suffering for food.

At last the old man could go no further. He felt himself dying, and bade Orlando leave him. Orlando carried him to a sheltered spot, laid him carefully down under the trees, and then rushed off to make one last desperate search for food.

As good fortune would have it, he came upon a party of forest-dwellers just sitting down to their dinner. They freely invited both Orlando and the old servant to eat with them, and the food soon revived the weary travelers. While they ate, one of the party sang this song of the winter wind.

BLOW, BLOW, YE WINTER WIND *

TYPE: LYRIC

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

CHORUS

Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green
holly;
Most friendship is feigning, most loving
mere folly;
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh

* *Musical setting by J. R. S. Stevens, published as sheet music in Octavo choruses, Jubilee Collection, by Oliver C. Ditson & Co., New York, Boston, and Philadelphia.*

As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.

CHORUS

Heigh-ho! sing, etc.

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

This song occurs in the last scene of Act II of *As You Like It*.

The song has two verses and a chorus sung at the end of each verse. The meaning of the first verse is this: the poet addresses the biting winter wind that is so penetrating and seems to sting us so unkindly. But, he adds, the sting of the blast is nothing as compared to the deep hurt we feel when one is ungrateful and forgets what we have done for him.

In verse 2, the cold winter sky is addressed. The frost, sleet and hail from the sky cut us and make us feel very uncomfortable. But even this can be borne better than the slight of someone whom we have befriended.

The exiles no doubt apply the meaning of this song to their own experiences. The chorus, though giving expression to the same senti-

ment, is lighter in vein and sentiment, lacking the harshness of the verses.

Tooth—a sudden, severe gust, a gale.

Breath—a strong breeze.

Heigh-ho—an English exclamation, expressing joy or disappointment.

Holly—the well known evergreen, a symbol of perpetual friendship.

Bitter sky—refers to the cold gray sky of winter.

Nigh—deeply, not as close to the heart or affections.

Warp—this refers to changing the form of water in freezing.

Feigning—assumed, not real.

Folly—it doesn't pay, not lasting.

THE FOUR WINDS

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

In the country, there are many rhymes and jingles about the winds and the weather they bring. Here are two old rhymes which do not quite agree; but this only shows that they came from different places. The first is probably from *Old England*; the other, from *New England*, on opposite sides of the Atlantic Ocean.

The south wind brings wet weather,
The north wind wet and cold together;
The west wind always brings us rain,
The east wind blows it back again.

* * * * *

When the wind is in the east,
'T is good for neither man nor beast;
When the wind is in the north,
The skilful fisher goes not forth;
When the wind is in the south,
It blows the bait in the fish's mouth;
When the wind is in the west,
Then 't is at the very best.

THE FOUR WINDS

TYPE: LYRIC

In winter, when the wind I hear,
I know the clouds will disappear;
For 't is the wind who sweeps the sky,
And piles the snow in ridges high.

In spring, when stirs the wind, I know
That soon the crocus buds will show;
For 't is the wind who bids them wake
And into pretty blossoms break.

In summer when it softly blows,
Soon red I know will be the rose,
For 't is the wind to her who speaks
And brings the blushes to her cheeks.

In autumn, when the wind is up,
I know the acorn's out its cup;
For 't is the wind who takes it out,
And plants an oak somewhere about.

—FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

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The thought of this poem is very evident. The poet, who reveals himself to be a keen observer and student of nature, gives us a clue to the service the winds contribute at each season. Note in reading the poem that he presents two pictures in each stanza,—the situation before the wind has done its work and the result of the blowing of the wind.

Sweeps the sky—What does the wind sweep in the sky?

Crocus—a plant of the Iris family with long grass-like leaves and large flowers.

Acorn's out its cup—refers to dropping of the acorn out of its shell.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

This little song comes from the play, *As You Like It*, nearly all the scenes of which are laid in the forest of Arden, the retreat of a duke who had been driven by his brother from his domain. A few faithful friends remained with him in his exile, “and custom soon made the life of careless ease they led here more sweet to them than the pomp and uneasy splendor of a courtier’s life. Here they lived like the Robin Hood of old England, and to this forest many noble youths daily resorted from the court, and did fleet the time carelessly, as they did who lived in the golden age. In the summer they lay under the fine shade of the large forest trees, marking the playful sports of the wild deer.”

From *Tales from Shakespeare*, Charles and Mary Lamb.

Among the duke’s friends was one named Amiens, who often composed songs which he sang to cheer the others when they were tired or homesick. Perhaps the most beautiful of these songs is the one here given.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE *

TYPE: LYRIC

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither,
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither,
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

The thought and spirit of the poem are easily understood. The singer bids everyone and any-

* Musical setting by Carl Busch, in *Fifty Shakespeare Songs*.

one to join him out in the open, and in carefree abandonment lie beneath a great oak and sing merrily in tune with the happy birds. This life, he promises, is a happy one, with no worries or troubles; that is, when the weather is fine. The only things that mar the complete enjoyment of such happiness and freedom are the hardships of winter and the discomfiture generally experienced in the open when a period of bad weather sets in.

DON'T GIVE UP

PHOEBE CARY

Stories of the endless contest between men and the sea illustrate the fact that most things great and good are done "just by patient trying." Take, for instance, the story of the Eddystone Lighthouse.

The Eddystone Rocks, about fourteen miles out from Plymouth, England, are fully exposed to the south-western seas, and are among the most dangerous rocks on the coast. For centuries, they were a terror to ships and sailors, and often not one survivor would be left to tell the tale of another wreck on those cruel rocks of Eddystone.

In 1694, a London merchant named Winstanley, who had lost two ships there, determined to do what everyone said was impossible—to build a lighthouse on the Eddystone Rocks. “The waves dash higher than the mast-head of a seventy-gun ship,” said the Mayor of Plymouth. “Put a light on the land; that is ours. But let alone the deadly rock in God Almighty’s sea.”

But Winstanley gathered men and materials, and went out to the rock. For months he worked, and still whatever he reared by day, the sea tore down at night. Then came calm weather with a heavy fog, and Winstanley put out to sea again. For two weeks the fog hid the rock from the view of those on shore, who watched in terror, fearing that the brave builders were lost.

Then a ship came into harbor. “What creatures are building on the water?” said the captain. “We heard out there a noise like shipwright’s hammers, and through the fog we saw a house on the sea.” So the people of Plymouth watched again, until the fog lifted, and they saw indeed, a tower on the Eddystone Rocks, Winstanley had conquered the sea, and in 1698 finished his tower, and lighted the light.

The next year he strengthened the tower, and built it higher. For five years it stood, and the sailors blessed the man who had lighted the sea for them. In November, 1703, he went to visit it, as often before. One of the worst hurricanes in the history of Plymouth broke that night; and in the morning the tower was down. Winstanley and his life's work lay together at the bottom of the Atlantic.

But he had shown the way. Another tower was built, which stood for forty-six years. Then came another, the Smeaton tower, which weathered the storms for one hundred and twenty years. The fourth lighthouse now stands on the Eddystone Rock. But it was Winstanley, that grand old merchant of London town, who built the first one, and refused to give up.

DON'T GIVE UP

TYPE: DIDACTIC

If you've tried and have not won,
Never stop for crying;
All that's great and good is done
Just by patient trying.

Though young birds, in flying, fall,
Still their wings grow stronger;
And the next time they can keep
Up a little longer.

Though the sturdy oak has known
Many a blast that bowed her,
She has risen again, and grown
Loftier and prouder.

If by easy work you beat,
Who the more will prize you?
Gaining victory from defeat,
That's the test that tries you!

—PHŒBE CARY.

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This poem emphasizes two ideas:

1. The folly of "crying over spilled milk." Let every reverse or failure furnish a lesson which will help you another time. Don't waste your time poring over your troubles; try again, and learn how to benefit by mistakes.

2. Victory and success when achieved by persistent and determined effort against reverses and disasters mean more than easy accomplishment where resistance is either slight or of minor value.

Stanzas 1 and 4 state the lesson the poem teaches.

Stanzas 2 and 3.—We have instances cited showing how nature struggles and overcomes disaster; in fact, gains power by refusing to be conquered and by battling against the forces that destroy.

THE ARROW AND THE SONG

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

The entry in Longfellow's Journal for November 16th, 1843, reads: "Before church, wrote *The Arrow and the Song*, which came into my mind as I stood with my back to the fire, and glanced on to the paper with arrowy speed. Literally an improvisation."

From *Life of Henry W. Longfellow*, by Samuel Longfellow.

THE ARROW AND THE SONG *

TYPE: DIDACTIC

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

—HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

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Houghton Mifflin Company.*

Longfellow teaches us a lesson of every day life in this little poem. To illustrate his point

* Musical setting by Michael W. Balfe, in *Our Familiar Songs*.

he makes use of two objects,—an arrow and a song. An arrow is primarily a weapon intended to cause hurt, harm, wounds, death. A song is intended to bring gladness and joy. Now quite frequently we shoot both,—the acts or deeds that hurt others; the thoughts or feelings that bring joy to our friends.

Quite frequently and most often these things are done unintentionally and thoughtlessly, without any real hidden motive. This is given in the poem by the idea that the arrow and song are aimed at no particular place, simply “in the air,” and so little thought and attention are given that even the landing place is unknown. And again, so many times we hurt or please our friends so keenly and suddenly that we do not note the full effect of the deed.

But, quite frequently, years afterward, the effect of the pain or the joy is made evident. We find that the shot has struck firmly and deeply in the hearts of our strongest and most loyal friends. Time has not taken away from the sting or hurt for it has lost none of its force and remains unbroken. So it is with the song; it has reached its mark and found and made a loyal friend.

“EN VOYAGE”

CAROLINE A. MASON

In the days before steamships crossed the ocean, traveling almost as close to schedule time as a railway train, sailing-vessels went to and fro, the length of their passage depending entirely on the will of wind and wave. With favorable winds blowing steadily in the same direction, a good ship might cross the Atlantic in three weeks, while a contrary wind, or a dead calm, might lengthen the same ship's journey to three months.

Two ships set sail on the same day, as it happened; one from Boston sailing to Liverpool; the other from Liverpool to Boston. The Liverpool boat found the wind blowing freshly from the east, and boomed along over the sea, making splendid time toward her goal. Passengers and crew rejoiced in their speed, and hoped that it might continue to the end.

They had nearly arrived at Boston when they sighted a ship struggling along against the wind that carried them so swiftly. They exchanged signals as they met, and found, to the

surprise of all, that they had been on the sea for the same number of days. Yet one had nearly finished its voyage, while the other had hardly begun. The wind that sped the one ship on its way was the very worst possible for the other.

“EN VOYAGE” *

TYPE: LYRIC

Whichever way the wind doth blow
Some heart is glad to have it so;
Then blow it east, or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

My little craft sails not alone;
A thousand fleets from every zone
Are out upon a thousand seas;
And what for me were favoring breeze
Might dash another, with the shock
Of doom, upon some hidden rock.
And so I do not dare to pray
For winds to waft me on my way,
But leave it to a Higher Will
To stay or speed me; trusting still

*Musical setting, Anonymous, in *Academy Song Book*.

That all is well, and sure that He
Who launched my bark will sail with me
Through storm and calm, and will not fail,
Whatever breezes may prevail,
To land me, every peril past,
Within His sheltering heaven at last.
Then, whatsoever wind doth blow,
My heart is glad to have it so;
And blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

—CAROLINE A. MASON.

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The thought of the poem can be expressed in the old adage, "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good." We must consider that what may benefit one, may harm another, and what causes you pain may give pleasure to others. If possible, illustrate from your own experiences.

The two ideas of the poem are expressed as follows:

In Stanza 1—No matter which direction the wind may blow, there is someone for whom that way is the best.

In Stanza 2—My bark* (symbol for my life)

is not the only one that sails the seas; the favoring breeze (fortunate circumstance) which helps me might bring disaster to someone else. And God, who has planned the journey for every one of us, knows best the course and progress we should take. We must have faith that "all is well," that the Pilot is with us and the journey will be accomplished safely.

Little craft—my own life and fortunes.

Thousand fleets—the life and fortunes of others.

Zone—from every corner of the earth.

Thousand seas—everywhere.

Favoring breeze—a stroke of good luck.

Hidden rock—disaster, bad luck.

OLD IRONSIDES

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

During the early days of the War of 1812, one of the English newspapers, misjudging the untried navy of the United States, spoke of the warship *Constitution* as a "bundle of pine-boards sailing under a bit of striped bunting." A few weeks later that sturdy American frigate met the English ship *Guerrière*. The two vessels were of the same strength, but in a half-

hour the *Guerrière* was sinking, the *Constitution* unhurt. Soon afterwards, she sunk another British war-ship, again receiving, herself, no serious injuries. These two proofs of her staunchness caused her admirers to christen her "Old Ironsides." Other victories added to her reputation, and she was known as a "lucky ship" because she never lost a battle, never was dismantled, and never went ashore.

After the War, "Old Ironsides" lay in harbor until 1830, in which year Oliver Wendell Holmes, just graduated from Harvard University, read in the Boston *Daily Advertiser*, that the Secretary of the Navy had recommended the breaking up of the *Constitution*. Two days later the same paper contained the young poet's flaming protest against such desecration of the gallant ship, the glory of whose victories was one of his earliest memories.

The verses were copied in nearly every paper in the country, and were even printed as hand-bills and distributed from house to house, arousing a storm of public indignation against the destruction of "Old Ironsides." The Navy Department yielded, and the frigate lay peacefully in harbor until 1906, when it was suggested that she be used as a target for gun-

practice. Again the poem was sent broadcast through the country, and again a wave of popular sentiment demanded the preservation of this reminder of the early victories of the United States upon the sea.

And so, "housed over," to protect it from sun and storm, visited by thousands yearly, the old ship lies to-day in the Boston Navy-yard, close by the spot where the English landed for the battle of Bunker Hill—a fit resting-place for the staunch and valiant "Old Ironsides."

OLD IRONSIDES *

TYPE: ODE

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

* Musical setting, German air, Andreas Hofer, in *Riverside Song Book*, and by William Lardner, in *Most Popular Songs of Patriotism*.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

O, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave:
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

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In the poem Holmes first extols the glory of the ship which gave inspiration and victory to American seamen. She was the acknowledged "eagle of the sea." But, Holmes continues,

there are some plunderers (harpies) who would despoil her and rob her of her one-time splendor and glory. Then, he suggests, rather than such a fate, let her be rigged out with her "holy flag," and "threadbare sails," turned loose upon the wide ocean to fight the storms and the heavy seas until she is finally shattered and forced to bow before storm and wave. This, he protests, would be a more fitting end to the famous old warship.

Ensign—the ship's flag.

Meteor—a swiftly moving body in the heavens. This refers to the flag.

Harpies—refers to the plunderers who want to destroy the vessel.

Eagle of the sea—refers to the proud record as a conqueror, that the ship enjoyed.

OCTOBER'S BRIGHT BLUE WEATHER

HELEN HUNT JACKSON (SAXE HOLM)

The writer of this poem loved "the great out-of-doors," and the free air of the country. All seasons were beautiful to her, and she has written verses praising almost every month of the year. She is famous, however, chiefly because of her work for the Indians.

A few years before her death she went to Colorado in search of health, and became deeply interested in the condition of the American Indians, and the injustice done them by the United States Government. She set herself at once to the great task of righting their wrongs. She published first her book, *A Century of Dishonor*, a history of the Government's dealings with the Indians; and then her novel, *Ramona*, the purpose of which was as high as that of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, but written to help the red man instead of the black.

In 1883 she was appointed by the Government a special commissioner to inquire into the needs of the Mission Indians of California, and presented a most able and appealing report. Her death two years later deprived the Indians of the foremost champion of their rights.

OCTOBER'S BRIGHT BLUE WEATHER

O suns and skies and clouds of June,
And flowers of June together,
Ye cannot rival for one hour
October's bright blue weather,

When loud the bumble-bee makes haste,
 Belated, thriftless vagrant,
And golden-rod is dying fast,
 And lanes with grapes are fragrant;

When gentians roll their fringes tight
 To save them for the morning,
And chestnuts fall from satin burrs
 Without a sound of warning;

When on the ground red apples lie
 In piles like jewels shining,
And redder still on old stone walls
 Are leaves of woodbine twining;

When all the lovely wayside things
 Their white-winged seeds are sowing,
And in the fields, still green and fair,
 Late aftermaths are growing;

When springs run low, and on the brooks,
 In idle golden freighting,
Bright leaves sink noiseless in the hush
 Of woods, for winter waiting;

When comrades seek sweet country haunts,
By twos and twos together,
And count like misers, hour by hour,
October's bright blue weather.

O suns and skies and flowers of June,
Count all your boasts together,
Love loveth best of all the year
October's bright blue weather.

—HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

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Helen Hunt Jackson was no "nature fakir." She has described very vividly all she saw, and she saw things with the accuracy of a Burroughs. How many have noted the various "doings" in the realm of nature at just this time of the year? The poet has done it so well that no matter in what season of the year we read her poem we can appreciate the situation she pictures.

Rival—does not mean equal, but rather expresses the idea that June cannot hope to act as a competitor with October.

Belated—behind time.

Thrifless—no thought of saving.

Vagrant—wanderer.

Satin—a very descriptive adjective.

Aftermaths—*Math* means *mowing*, and *aftermath*, therefore, means the after-mowing,—the growth after mowing.

Freighting—here means floating.

Haunts—places where we like to go often.

Boasts—here means things that can be boasted of.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE

GEORGE POPE MORRIS

The story told in this poem is a true one, and the old tree may still be standing, in that part of New York City formerly known as Bloomingdale.

Riding one day with a friend, Morris passed a cottage, near which stood a large tree.

“That was once my home,” said the friend. “But it is nothing to me now. Father, mother, sisters—all are gone.” He paused, and then added: “Don’t think me foolish. I never ride in this direction without coming to look at that old tree. My sisters and I often played under it, and it seems to me like an old friend. It

would be a great grief to me if anything should happen to it."

He had scarcely uttered the words when a man carrying an ax came from the cottage, and walked about the tree as if deciding where to strike the first blow.

"What are you going to do?" cried the gentleman. "You are surely not going to cut down that tree?"

"That is just what I am going to do," answered the man. "We need it for firewood."

"That tree means a great deal to me. If I pay you what it is worth for wood, will you let it stand?"

"Surely," said the woodman. The money was paid him, and both he and his daughter promised that the tree should stand as long as they lived in the cottage.

Mr. Morris was greatly touched by his friend's love for the old tree, the only living reminder of his childhood, and, soon afterward, wrote these sympathetic verses in memory of the incident.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE *

TYPE: LYRIC

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough:
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now;
'T was my forefather's hand,
That placed it near his cot,
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy ax shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree
Whose glory and renown,
Are spread o'er land and sea,
And would'st thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
Oh, spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies.

* Musical setting, by Henry Russell, in *Songs Children Love*, *Familiar Songs*, *Franklin Square Song Book*, *Golden Book*, *Book of 1000 Songs*, *Riverside Song Book*.

When but an idle boy,
 I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy,
 Here, too, my sisters played;
My mother kissed me here;
 My father pressed my hand,—
Forgive this foolish tear,
 But let that old oak stand!

My heart-strings round thee cling,
 Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild-bird sing,
 And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm still brave;
 And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
 Thy ax shall harm it not.

—GEORGE P. MORRIS.

We can imagine a scene where a man of middle age is pleading with a woodchopper who is about to hew down an old oak tree.

In stanzas 1 and 2 we have the man, earnestly requesting that the tree be spared. His reasons are purely personal and selfish. The oak in the

past has been in a sense a protector and a well-known landmark, planted years ago by an ancestor.

Stanza 3 is rich in sentiment. In an effective manner the man cites instances from his childhood and youth, which have had a tendency to make the tree a living part of his life. Some of the most impressive and sacred events of his life have centered about this tree.

Stanza 4 contains both a promise and a threat. The first part of the stanza, those lines addressed to the oak, demonstrates very clearly how great his affection for the tree is. The speaker also promises that the tree will be spared so that it can continue to serve as it has served in the past, and, addressing the woodsman, vows that as long as he is able to make a resistance, no one shall harm the oak.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Longfellow loved children, as they loved him. His last visitors were four school boys who had read his poems, and wished to know their writer. The white-haired poet entertained the

boys throughout a delightful afternoon, showing them the rooms of the old house which had been Washington's headquarters in Cambridge, at the beginning of the Revolution.

It was in this old house, the home of the family for many years, that *The Children's Hour* was written. The children were the three little daughters of the poet, and the evening romp with their father was a regular custom, just as Longfellow describes it in his verses.

"Grave Alice and laughing Allegra and Edith with golden hair" grew to be women many years ago, and Edith died in July, 1916. Their old home is in other hands. Everything is changed; but *The Children's Hour* still tells us how Longfellow loved the children.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR .

TYPE: NARRATIVE POEM

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence;
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all!

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away!

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

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To lower—to darken, in dusk or twilight.
Patter—succession of light sounds.

Study—the room where Longfellow studied and wrote his poems.

Golden—yellow.

Raid—sudden attack.

Castle wall—the walls of his study.

Turret—a small tower,—here it refers to his lap, lifted above the floor by his chair.

Entwine—to wind about.

Bishop of Bingen . . . Mouse-Tower.—This is a reference to the German legend of Bishop Hatto, who is said to have stored away great quantities of grain on an island in the Rhine, in order to get high prices for it from the people, at a time of famine. The anger of the peasants at this unfeeling conduct was so great that he was forced to take refuge in this very tower, here he is supposed to have been devoured by the swarms of rats and mice which had been attracted there by the stores of grain he had gathered.

Banditti—brigands or robbers.

Scaled—climbed.

Old mustache—a wise old warrior,—from the fact that in days of old the soldiers cultivated their mustaches.

Fortress—a stronghold,—in this case his affections.

Dungeon—a cell, usually underground.

Round-tower—usually the strongest part of a castle, and most difficult of access; hence, most difficult to escape from.

O COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN

There has been considerable dispute as to just who wrote this song. It seems probable that the idea and the name originated with David T. Shaw, at whose suggestion the words and music were written by an actor friend, Thomas à Becket. The song was first heard in America in Philadelphia in 1843, when it was sung on the stage of the Chestnut Street Theater.

Several versions of the words, especially of the third verse, are current, and it is very difficult to determine which should be accepted as the original. It may be said, however, that the version of the third verse, which begins "Old Glory to greet now come hither," is probably a later revision, as the phrase "Old Glory" does not seem to have been used until shortly before the Civil War. The version here given is at least as good as any other, and better than some.

O COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN*

TYPE: MARTIAL LYRIC

O Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee!
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When Liberty's form stands in view;
Thy banners make Tyranny tremble,
When borne by the Red, White, and Blue.

When war winged its wide desolation
And threatened the land to deform,
The ark then of Freedom's foundation,
Columbia rode safe through the storm;
With her garlands of vict'ry around her,
When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
With her flag proudly floating before her,
The boast of the Red, White, and Blue.

* Musical setting by Thomas à Becket, in *Academy Song Book*, *Assembly Songs*, *Book of a Thousand Songs*, *Franklin Square Song Collection*, No. 1; *Golden Book*, *Most Popular Home Songs*, *Most Popular Songs of Patriotism*, *Riverside Song Book*, *Songs of the Flag*.

The star-spangled banner bring hither,
O'er Columbia's true sons let it wave;
May the wreaths they have won never
wither,
Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave.
May the service united ne'er sever,
But they to their colors prove true!
The Army and Navy forever!
Three cheers for the Red, White, and
Blue.

Banners—in the first verse, probably has the original meaning of the word; the devices, mottoes, or emblems on a piece of cloth or fabric fastened at both ends to ropes or poles.

Ark—refers, of course, to the Bible story of the ark by which Noah and his family were saved from the flood.

Under the name *Britannia, the Gem of the Ocean*, the English have adapted this song for their own use.

A SONG

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

Some one has taken the trouble to count. Thirty-five different flowers bloom in Riley's verses, forty-three different kinds of trees are mentioned by name; forty-seven different birds flit through his lines. When Riley sings, you hear the ripple of brooks, the busy hum of bees, and the stir of wings in the tree-tops.

Riley was "the people's poet," the poet of fresh air, and of all out-doors. He loved the green earth, and all that lived or moved upon it, and everywhere, he said, was poetry unwritten but singing,—“unwrit poetry by the acre.”

A SONG

TYPE: LYRIC (SONG)

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear;
There is ever a something sings alway:
There's the song of the lark when the skies
are clear,
And the song of the thrush when the skies
are gray.

The sunshine showers across the grain,
And the bluebird trills in the orchard
trees;
And in and out, when the eaves drip rain,
The swallows are twittering ceaselessly.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
Be the skies above or dark or fair,
There is ever a song that our hearts may
hear—

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear—
There is ever a song somewhere!

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
In the midnight black, or the mid-day
blue:

The robin pipes when the sun is here,
And the cricket chirrups the whole night
through.

The buds may blow, and the fruit may grow,
And the autumn leaves drop crisp and
sear;

But whether the sun, or the rain, or the
snow,

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
Be the skies above or dark or fair,
There is ever a song that our hearts may
hear—
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear—
There is ever a song somewhere!

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

From the Biographical Edition of the Complete Works of James Whitcomb Riley. Copyright 1913. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

In this poem Riley interprets a song as meaning a message of joy, anything that lends a note of optimism. He uses Nature as the means of communicating to us the joy there is in the world. At all times—day or night—sunshine or storm—joyous or sorrowful moments—whether we are happy or depressed—nature has a message of joy for us. The birds, the flowers, the snow, the rain, all have a happy message for us.

THE FIRST SNOW-FALL

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Lowell's first child, Blanche, died in 1847, only a year old, and was buried in Mount Auburn Cemetery, so close to Lowell's home on the edge of Cambridge, that the little grave could almost be seen from his windows.

This was the greatest sorrow of the poet's life. The baby's tiny shoe hung over a picture in his writing-room for many years, and at least three of his poems speak out his grief. These are, *She Came and Went*, *The Changeling*, and *The First Snow-fall*.

THE FIRST SNOW-FALL *

TYPE: LYRIC

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

* Musical setting by Mary B. Ehrman, in *Child's Song Treasury*.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails softened to swan's-down,
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-Father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar that renewed our woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;
And she, kissing back, could not know
That *my* kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

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Gloaming—twilight, dusk.

Ermine—an arctic animal, prized for its beautiful white fur.

New-roofed—the snowfall gave the old wooden shed the appearance of a Carrara marble roof.

Carrara—a village in central Italy noted for its quarries of beautiful white marble.

Chanticleer—the rooster.

Swan's down—soft, fluffy feathers of the swan.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

This poem was probably written only a few years before Lowell's death, when he was an old man,—old and touched by sorrow. Twice he had been married, and both wives were dead. Of his four children, only one lived to grow up; so it is not surprising that he felt that much of his life was buried.

He was Minister to Spain for several years; and then Minister to England, where his second wife died. When he returned to his old home in Cambridge, it seemed as though he had come

into a world of ghosts, in which he was obliged to slowly make himself at home.

It was probably at this time, however, that the old man wrote this carol, so simple and so full of faith for this world and the next.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

For the Sunday-School children of the Church
of the Disciples.

TYPE: LYRIC

“What means this glory round our feet,”
The Magi mused, “more bright than
morn?”

And voices chanted clear and sweet,
“To-day the Prince of Peace is born!”

“What means that star,” the Shepherds
said,
“That brightens through the rocky
glen?”

And angels, answering overhead,
Sang, “Peace on earth, good-will to
men!”

'Tis eighteen hundred years and more
Since those sweet oracles were dumb;
We wait for Him, like them of yore;
Alas, He seems so slow to come!

But it was said, in words of gold
No time or sorrow e'er shall dim,
That little children might be bold
In perfect trust to come to Him.

All round about our feet shall shine
A light like that the wise men saw,
If we our loving wills incline
To that sweet Life which is the Law.

So shall we learn to understand
The simple faith of shepherds then,
And, clasping kindly hand in hand,
Sing, "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

And they who do their souls no wrong,
That keep at eve the faith of morn,
Shall daily hear the angel-song,
"To-day the Prince of Peace is born!"

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

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The Magi were aware of the birth of Christ by the brightness and glory of the light about them, which, the Angels said, was a sign of the coming of the Prince of Peace. The Angels told the Shepherds that the bright star meant that Christ had come and with His coming "Peace on earth, good will to men."

The last three verses give the meaning of the poem. Little children, with absolute confidence and trust should not hesitate to come to Christ, for, the same light which shone about the Magi, will shine about us if we will surrender ourselves to Christ. Moreover, we shall also understand the same message given the Shepherds, and will appreciate the worth of the message, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

Magi—the three wise men who awaited the coming of Christ, and brought Him presents.

Shepherd—refers to the Shepherds in the Biblical account of the Christmas Eve.

That sweet Life that is the Law—refers to Christ.

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INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

ROBERT BROWNING

Ratisbon is an old town in Bavaria, on the south bank of the Danube. This incident has been confirmed as an actual happening on the battlefield, when Napoleon was storming the city, in 1809. The hero, however, was a man, not a boy.

The Austrians were strongly entrenched, and the battle had lasted several days, when Napoleon ordered General Lannes to storm the place. For a long time the result was doubtful, but Lannes finally forced his way into the town.

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

TYPE: NARRATIVE POEM

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon:

A mile or so away,

On a little mound, Napoleon

Stood on our storming-day;

With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall,"—
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
You hardly could suspect—
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon!
The Marshal's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon

To see your flag-bird flap his vans,
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The Chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes;
"You're wounded!" "Nay," the soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, Sire!" And, his chief beside,
Smiling the boy fell dead.

—ROBERT BROWNING.

In the first line "we French" gives the impression that the tale is being told by a spectator. Here we have a good description of Napoleon watching the course of events from an elevated position while his men are storming Ratisbon. While he is anxiously in doubt and possibly is contemplating that all his schemes will fail if the city is not taken, a rider gallops madly to the mound.

Stanza three describes the rider—a mere lad who has been severely wounded and evidently is in great pain, a fact which he is striving to con-

ceal. He is a messenger from the scene of battle. He announces that the Marshal (General Lannes) has taken the city, and that Napoleon will be able to see his standard flying in the market place, as he, the messenger, was one who helped put it there. The first expression given by Napoleon is one of relief that his plans are working as he wished. Then, as a mother eagle feels at seeing her wounded eaglet, Napoleon's eyes soften as he notices the lad is wounded. The lad, however, is too proud to have his General note his condition, and smiling falls dead at the side of the one whom he loved to serve.

This poem gives us the spirit of devotion and love which Napoleon's troops held for their General, whom they worshiped.

Ratisbon—an important city in Bavaria on the right bank of the Danube.

Mound—slight elevation, a knoll.

Storming day—the day the French captured the city.

Prone—bending forward.

Lannes—one of Napoleon's ablest generals.

Flag-bird—Napoleon's standard was topped with an eagle.

Vans—means wings of the eagle.

Film is the subject of *sheathes*.
Touched to the quick—deeply stirred or
touched.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ

Thomas B. Read, artist and poet (1822-1872) wrote numerous poems. But few of these brought him any appreciable notice. The most popular of them, *Sheridan's Ride*, appeared in 1865.

One of the most stubbornly contested places in the Civil War was the Shenandoah Valley. To be sure that this fertile and valuable section should not prove a source of supply or aid to the South, Sheridan was ordered to devastate the entire region. This was rather thoroughly done. Having posted his army, Sheridan went to Washington, on official business. On his way back to camp, he learned at Winchester, thirteen miles from his headquarters, that a battle was in progress.

“In three columns, General Early had made a furious assault at dawn on the 19th of October, 1864. The surprise was so great that in fifteen minutes the foremost corps of the Na-

tional Army was retreating in disorder. The panic spread to the remainder of the army, which retreated for several miles, losing men, materials and cannon.

“At that critical minute Sheridan appeared on the field. . . . He had ridden leisurely out of Winchester southward, but soon met the van of fugitives, who told a dreadful tale of disaster. Ordering his escort to follow, he put his horse on a swinging gallop, and at that pace rode nearly twelve miles to the front. The fugitives came thicker and thicker every moment. He did not stop to chide or coax, but, waving his hat as his horse thundered on over the magnificent stone road, he shouted to the cheering crowds, ‘Face the other way, boys! face the other way! We are going back to our camp. We are going to lick them out of their boots.’

“Instantly the tide of retreating troops turned and followed after the young general. As he dashed along the lines and rode in front of reforming regiments, he gave a word of cheer to all. He declared they should have all those camps and cannon back again. The reformed army advanced in full force. . . . A general and severe struggle ensued. The whole Confederate army was soon in full and tumultuous re-

treat up the valley toward Fisher's Hill. . . . That night the Nationals occupied their old position at Cedar Creek. The promise of Sheridan, 'We will have all the camps and cannon back again,' was fulfilled.'"—From *Harper's Encyclopædia of United States History*.

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SHERIDAN'S RIDE

TYPE: WAR LYRIC

Up from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight,
As if he knew the terrible need;
He stretched away with his utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering
South,
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth;
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind,
And the steed, like a barque fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire.
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;

He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the general saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops.
What was done? what to do? a glance told him both;
Then, striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there,
because

The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust, the black charger was gray.
By the flash of his eye, and the red nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester, down to save the day!"

Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldiers' Temple of Fame,
There with the glorious general's name
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright,
"Here is the steed that saved the day,
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester, twenty miles away."

—THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

The meaning of the poem is very clear, and needs little explanation. Some of the facts given are rather exaggerated.

Read gives us three central thoughts—the situation leading to the famous ride, the description of the ride, the credit justly due, not only to Sheridan but to his gallant steed.

Do you know of other famous rides that have been described in poems?

THE BUGLE SONG

From *The Princess*

ALFRED TENNYSON

“Through that song,” says Aubrey de Vere, “Killarney will be recalled to the memory of many who have seen yet half forgotten it. . . . They will see again, as in a dream, the reach of its violet-colored waters where they reflect the ‘Purple Mountain,’ the ‘Elfland’ of its Black Valley; ‘Croom-a-doof,’ the silver river that winds and flashes through wood and rock, connecting the mystic ‘Upper Lake,’ and the beetling rock of the ‘Eagle’s Nest,’ with the two larger and sunnier but not lovelier lakes. Before them again will rise Dinis Island, with its embowered coves and their golden sands, the

mountain gardens of Glenna haunted by murmurs of the cascade, not distant, but shrouded by the primeval oak-woods. They will look again on that island, majestic at once, and mournful, Innisfallen, its gray-stemmed and solemn groves, its undulating lawns, which embosom the ruins of that Abbey, the shelter from century to century of Ireland's Annalists. . . . As the vision fades, their eyes will rest long on the far mountains that girdle all that beauty, mountains here and there dark with those yew-forests through which the wild deer of old escaped from the stag-hounds of MacCarthy more. It is marvelous that so many of the chief characteristics of Killarney should have found place in a poem, so short."—From *Hallam Tennyson's Memoir of Alfred Tennyson*.

THE BUGLE SONG *

TYPE: LYRIC

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

* Musical setting by Sir Herbert Oakely, in *Songs from Tennyson*.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elf-land faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

—ALFRED TENNYSON.

Tennyson made a tour of the Killarney country in 1847. One day as he was enjoying the gorgeous sunset on the peaceful Killarney Lake the stillness and peace of the hour were broken by a blast of a boatman's bugle on the other side of the lake. This incident furnished inspiration for writing this little gem of literature.

Snowy summits old in story—there is a great mass of legend concerning this country.

Cataract—a great fall of water over a precipice.

Scar—a bare or broken place on the side of a cliff or mountain.

Horns of Elf-land—Tennyson likens the thin clear echoes to the horns of fairyland.

Purple glens—What color does the glen take just at sunset? Does the term “purple” give us the idea that Tennyson is a keen observer of nature and a true color artist?

Cf. poem with Moore’s *Echoes* and Longfellow’s *Arrow and the Song*.

HOW DOTH THE LITTLE BUSY BEE

ISAAC WATTS

Dr. Isaac Watts probably made the longest visit that anyone ever made. He had been very sick, and when he began to get well, a friend took him to his own home for a visit. Watts expected to stay for only a week, but his friends took such care of him, and were so glad to have him with them, that he did not leave for thirty years.

It was long before this, when he was a young man, that he wrote about the “busy bee.” He was teaching a family of children, and between lesson-times, amused himself by writing verses for them. *Let dogs delight to bark and bite,*

'Tis the voice of the sluggard, How doth the little busy bee, and his cradle song, Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber, were all written for these children whom he taught and played with.

HOW DOTH THE LITTLE BUSY BEE *

TYPE: DIDACTIC

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flow'r!

How skilfully she builds her cell!
How neat she spreads the wax!
And labors hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labor or of skill,
I would be busy too;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be past,
That I may give for ev'ry day
Some good account at last.

—ISAAC WATTS.

* Musical setting. Anonymous, in *Willis Collection*, No. 85.

The poet has one message—like the bee, let us employ the summer time of life in profitable and ceaseless industry, so that we will be able to show a good record of accomplishment when the winter time of life comes. The central thought of each stanza is easily comprehended.

Stanza 1.—Pictures the bee using every opportunity to gather honey.

Stanza 2.—A tribute, not only to her industry but to the remarkable skill she shows in storing the honey.

Stanza 3.—The poet observes that idle people soon get themselves into trouble, so like the bee, he will keep busy at some work involving skill.

Stanza 4.—By busy work in summer the bee has a good supply of food on hand. Let this be a lesson to us to work hard in youth so as to be able in old age to show the results of a life well spent.

A MOTHER THOUGHT

EDGAR A. GUEST

Edgar A. Guest is a home-poet. He writes about *Home* and *House-hunting*, *When Pa*

*Comes Home, Canning Time, Mother's Glasses,
and At Breakfast.*

“It takes a heap o’ livin’ in a house to make it home,” he says, and his verses tell about the kind of living that makes a house a home. Even when he writes about war, it is the home side of it that he remembers. The boy in the trenches thinks of the folks at home, or longingly remembers the garden that he worked in a year before. The mother at home sends out her heart to the son far away, and protects and helps him as in the days of his childhood.

A MOTHER THOUGHT

TYPE: SIMPLE LYRIC

Oh, my laddie! Oh, my laddie!
Can’t you hear me bravely singing
As I tuck the covers ’round you,
Or a drink to you I’m bringing?
Do you hear me in the night-time
When you call in dreams that fright,
Saying, “Go to sleep, my laddie,
It will very soon be light”?

Oh, my laddie! Oh, my laddie!
Don't you know that I am near you?
Have the hands that once caressed you
Lost the mother gift to cheer you?
Do you think the dreary distance
Keeps the heart of me away?
Can't you hear me calling to you
As I called but yesterday?

Oh, my laddie! Oh, my laddie!
I have followed where you wander.
Here the flesh of me is dwelling,
But my soul is with you yonder.
Yes, my soul to you is singing
All the lullabies you knew
In the days before this danger
Made a soldier boy of you.

Oh, my laddie! Oh, my laddie!
Through the trials now before you,
Through the perils of the night-time
I shall still be watching o'er you.
Can't you feel my mother fingers
Smooth the hair about your brow?
Can't you see me, oh, my laddie,
Standing there beside you now?

—EDGAR A. GUEST.

This is a war poem setting forth the brooding mother's thoughts of her boy who is now a soldier. She is trying to express to him the thought that she is still his mother, he still her laddie as of old.

The central thought is expressed in the lines,

“Do you think the dreary distance
Keeps the heart of me away?”

The main idea of each stanza can be summed up as follows:

Stanza 1.—Can't you hear me singing now as I used to sing as I tucked the covers around you at night, or brought you a drink, or stilled your fears when you wakened before it was light?

Stanza 2.—The distance which separates us cannot keep my heart from you; I am near you still.

Stanza 3.—Though my body is still here, my soul is with you over there, trying to mother you as before you became a soldier boy.

Stanza 4.—Through all of the dangers and perils which beset you I shall be watching over you as I used to do.

A FAREWELL

CHARLES KINGSLEY

Kingsley wrote this poem in 1856, for his niece, Charlotte E. Grenfell, who asked him to write a song in her autograph album.

When it was published, the second verse was accidentally omitted, and is rarely found even now, in the many collections which include this poem. It will be noticed, also, that the other two verses vary considerably from the form usually seen. The version here given is correct, however, being so printed in the authorized version of Kingsley's works, and in the *Life* by Mrs. Kingsley.

A FAREWELL *

TYPE: LYRIC

My fairest child, I have no song to give you ;
No lark could pipe in skies so dull and gray ;
Yet, if you will, one quiet hint I'll leave you,
For every day.

* Musical setting by Horatio C. King, in *Academy Song Book*, and by Mary B. Ehrman, in *Child's Song Treasury*.

I'll tell you how to sing a clearer carol

Than lark who hails the dawn or breezy down;
To earn yourself a purer poet's laurel
Than Shakespeare's crown.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who can, be clever;
Do lovely things, not dream them, all day long,
And so make Life, Death, and that vast For Ever,
One grand sweet song.

—CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Kingsley is saying farewell to a loved child. He cannot sing a joyous song,—he cannot give a cheering Godspeed!—for at this time he is overwhelmed with troubles. Yet as a parting gift, he will tell how to sing a clearer song than the lark, to earn a fairer crown than Shakespeare's. This gift is the advice to do good and lovely things, by kindly deeds to make Life and all Time “one grand sweet song.”

Lark—The English skylark, noted for its wonderful song; it sings on the wing, mounting up into the air until lost to sight.

Pipe—lift its high pitched notes.

Carol—a joyous song.

Down—bare, hilly land.

Laurel—crown or wreath of bay given as a prize or honor, hence a synonym for honor.

Shakespeare—greatest of English poets and dramatists who lived in the days of Queen Elizabeth.

THE CLOUD

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Nothing gave Shelley greater pleasure than boating, whether rowing on English streams, or sailing on blue Italian waters. It is probable that this poem shaped itself in his mind as he drifted in his boat down the Thames, and idly watched the clouds overhead.

But it was two years later, in 1820, and under cloudless Italian skies, that he put his thought on paper. Perhaps in that land of constant sunshine, a wave of homesickness swept over him,—a longing for the soft, vapor-veiled fields of England, for the velvet grass, and the varied beauty of clouds.

The poem, as a whole, is as accurate and as truthful as if it were a scientific treatise on the cloud, though the language of the second verse is, in part, rather vague. Shelley, perhaps, believed that electric forces in the earth

influence the movements of clouds, and so says that the pilot, lightning, guides the cloud toward this force, or spirit.

THE CLOUD

TYPE: SIMPLE LYRIC

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
 From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
 In their noon-day dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
 The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
 As she dances in the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
 And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
 And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
 And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
 While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,
 Lightning, my pilot, sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
 It struggles and howls at fits;

Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains;
And I, all the while, bask in Heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine Sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning-star shines dead;
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle, alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when Sunset may breathe, from the lit sea
beneath,
Its ardors of rest and love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depths of Heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine æry nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden, with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the Moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the Sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the Moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banners unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-colored bow;

The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

—PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Upon carefully reading this poem one gets the impression of a continuous series of moving pictures or images, each containing smaller pictures; all, however, giving an account of the different activities and experiences of the cloud, and how the cloud affects the world. In stanza 1 there are at least five distinct pictures; in stanza 5, four pictures can be easily seen. And yet the poem is more than descriptive, it presents a theory in regard to the purpose of the cloud. The cloud was an object of much thought and speculation on the part of the ancient and medieval student. Shelley pictures the cloud in a very striking way as an endless force, alive with action, energy and power, a force revealing itself to man in various forms and ways. The cloud (addressing the universe in the first person) boasts of its activity and limitless power, it controls all the elements and forces, and its rule is eternal, for it maintains "I change, but I cannot die."

Stanza 1—gives an account of the various activities of the cloud during the year.

Stanza 2—draws a picture of the security and power of the cloud riding the storms and blasts of winter.

Stanza 3—a beautiful picture of the cloud at dawn and evening.

Stanza 4—a picture of midnight—the clouds, stars, and the moon on the peaceful water.

Stanza 5—an expression of the power of the cloud over the sun, moon, stars, volcanoes, storm, etc.

Their mother's breast—a flowering bush.

Aghast—struck dumb with terror.

Genii—spirits.

Sanguine—a deep red, “blood” red.

Rack—drifting clouds.

Jag—a projecting point, a notch.

Ardors—warmth.

Orbèd—shaped like an orb; spherical.

Orbèd maiden—the moon, named by the Greeks for Diana, the maiden goddess.

With white fire laden—the light of the moon is reflected from the sun.

Woof—the cross threads of woven fabric.

Paved with the moon and these—these refers to the stars.

Sunbeam proof—the rays of the sun cannot penetrate the cloud. After the storm the rain-

bow forms a triumphal arch for the cloud, when
“the powers of the air are chained to my
chair.”

Sphere-fire—the sun.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

FRANCIS MILES FINCH

No town or city in the South escaped entirely the ravages of our Civil War. Not least in its sufferings was the town of Columbus, in the north-eastern part of Mississippi, although no large body of troops, either Federal or Confederate, passed directly through it. But again and again the tide of war rolled within a few miles of Columbus. Now, the Federal general, Pope, pursued Beauregard down to Okelona; now a Union brigade passed through West Point and Starkville, barely twenty miles from Columbus, tearing up railroads, burning public property, commandeering food and other supplies, leaving behind them the trail of war from Tennessee to the Gulf of Mexico. The armies of General Hood and General Thomas were skirmishing for weeks just across the border, in Alabama, and at about the same time, another force of Union cavalry came down from

Tennessee, headed directly for Columbus. A body of Confederates, however, checked them at Egypt, a few miles north, and Columbus thus escaped being occupied by a large force of either army. But the skirmishers, the foragers, small detachments of both Federals and Confederates, constantly visited the town, levying upon all available supplies of food, forage, or ammunition, and bringing home to the inhabitants the meaning of war.

In the cemetery, outside the city, lie soldiers of both sides, many of them in unnamed graves. It is hardly possible for us to imagine the bitter feeling which existed between the North and the South at that time. The Southern women, in particular, who saw the war at their very doors, hated the North and its soldiers with a fierceness that lasted for many years after the struggle was over.

But this hatred did not extend to the wounded or the dead. Like the Mexican women who gave help and comfort to the wounded American invaders on the battle-field of Buena Vista, so the women of the South manifested no animosity toward the men who were suffering. The wounded soldier from Vermont was as tenderly cared for as one from Virginia.

Nowhere was this spirit better shown than in Columbus. In 1867, two years after the surrender of General Lee, memorial services were held in Columbus in honor of the Confederate dead. As part of the ceremonies, the women and children of the town strewed flowers upon the graves, and this they did impartially—"alike for the friend and the foe." Their beautiful action touched the hearts of all in the North, and moved Francis Miles Finch to write this poem, which has, in turn, done much to obliterate sectional bitterness.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY *

TYPE: LYRIC

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead,—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray.

* Musical setting by Roys Bridgman, in *Assembly Songs and Songs of the Flag and Nation*.

These in the robings of glory ;
Those in the gloom of defeat ;
All, with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet,—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day ;
Under the laurel, the Blue ;
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe ;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day ;
Under the roses, the Blue ;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all,—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day ;
Broïdered with gold, the Blue ;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading
No braver battle was won;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever,
When they laurel the graves of our dead;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears, for the Blue;
Tears and love, for the Gray.

—FRANCIS MILES FINCH.

*Printed by permission of Henry Holt & Company, Publishers
of the Poems of Francis Miles Finch.*

The poem suggests the following ideas:

1. The war is over; the strife is forgotten; both sides have their sleeping ranks of dead.

2. Those who fought and died as enemies here, are not meeting as enemies in Heaven.

3. Nature loved and cherished the one as well as the other.

4. The greatest victory of the war was won when the people, like Nature, loved and respected the fallen heroes on each side.

5. The annual ceremony of Memorial Day makes impossible any future strife between the North and the South.

Decoration Day was inaugurated by General John Logan while he was Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic. He issued a general order recommending that May 30th be set aside as the day to honor the soldier dead. Since then, the custom is kept alive and the day declared a legal holiday by proclamation from the governors of each state. In the South, Memorial Day is commonly observed in April.

By the flow . . . have fled—during the Civil War, many gunboats were used on the Mississippi, the Tennessee, the Cumberland, and other Southern rivers. These gunboats were usually ordinary wooden river-steamers, their sides

covered with iron plates or rails. Often a beak or ram was added at the bow, by means of which a gunboat might crush and sink an opposing vessel.

Blue . . . Gray—the Federals and the Confederates; the uniform of the Northern soldiery in the Civil War was blue, and that of the Confederates gray.

Laurel—the tree from whose leaves were made wreaths for the victors in ancient contests of strength or skill.

Willow—an emblem of sorrow and bereavement.

In the storm . . . fading—the storm of war.

They—the women of the South.

They laurel—they decorate.

THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT

JOSEPH ADDISON

“The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth forth his handywork.”

Upon this verse of the Nineteenth Psalm, Addison built his well-known hymn, of which Thackeray said:

“It seems to me these verses shine like the stars. They shine out of a great, deep calm. Addison’s sense of religion stirs through his whole being. In the fields, in the town, looking at the birds in the trees, or at the children in the streets; in the morning or in the moonlight; over his books in his own room; in a happy party at a country merry-making or a town assembly; good-will and peace to God’s creatures and love of Him who made them, fill his pure heart, and shine from his kind face.”—*Essay on Addison*, William M. Thackeray.

THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT *

TYPE: ODE

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
Th’ unwearied Sun from day to day
Does his Creator’s power display,
And publishes to every land,
The work of an Almighty Hand.

* Musical setting by Joseph Haydn, in *Book of a Thousand Songs*; Arr. for the work in *Academy Song Book*.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball?
What though nor real voice, nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is divine!"

—JOSEPH ADDISON.

The central thought of the poem is that the universe tells the reasoning person that it was fashioned by a divine hand.

Stanza 1—By observing the universe during the day, contemplating the lofty heights of the heavens, the ever-passing sun, the beautifully clouded sky, a person must feel that these were no product of chance or evolution, but "the work of an Almighty hand."

Stanza 2—One gets the same impression by studying the universe at night. The moon and the innumerable stars and planets seem to tell the same story.

Stanza 3—Though we have no spoken message from these various heavenly bodies, all we need do is to observe them closely and they will convince our reasoning powers that the universe is the product of a divine plan.

Firmament—the expanse of the heavens.

Ethereal—airy, of the air.

Spangled—as though the clouds were spangles on the sky.

Original—Creator.

Publish—announce, proclaim.

Prevail—when darkness sets in.

Confirm—prove, verify.

Terrestrial ball—the earth. Addison expresses the idea that the universe revolves about the earth. Is this notion correct?

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET

SAMUEL WOODWORTH

The summer of 1817 was hot and uncomfortable in the city of New York. Perspiring and thirsty, Samuel Woodworth came into his house

The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood
by it,

The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell,
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,

And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,

The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

The moss-covered vessel, I hail'd as a treasure,

For often at noon, when return'd from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,

The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon with the emblem of truth overflowing,

And dripping with coolness, arose from the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,

The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

How sweet from the green mossy rim to receive it,

As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
The brightest that beauty or revelry sips.

And now, far removed from the loved habitation,

The tear of regret will intrusively swell,

As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,

And sighs for the bucket that hangs in the well.

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hangs in the well.

—SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

Recollection—memory.

Infancy—youth, not babyhood.

Cataract—waterfall.

Cot—cottage.

E'en—even.

Hail—salute.

“Emblem of truth overflowing”—refers to the proverb that “Truth lies at the bottom of a well.”

Poised on the curb—balanced on the edge of the well.

Inclined—tipped.

Full blushing goblet—bowl-shaped drinking glass with a stem, filled with red wine.

Loved habitation—his boyhood home.

Intrusively swell—flow or come unbidden.

Fancy reverts—memory goes back.

Plantation—an example of poetic license, this term being applied to large farms in the south or to settlements in the north; its use here is due to the need for something to rhyme with “habitation” above.

THE THREE BELLS

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Whittier tells here a true story of the dangers of the sea in the days of sailing-vessels.

Torn and battered by a heavy storm, an American ship was sinking in mid-ocean. It was night, and while part of the crew toiled at the pumps, others fired constantly the guns that signalled distress. But the leak gained on them, the ship was sinking under their feet, no small boat could live in the storm and darkness, and there seemed no hope of rescue.

And then, when it seemed almost useless to struggle longer, there came out of the night, the longed-for shout of "Ship ahoy!" It was the voice of Captain Leighton, of the Scotch ship *Three Bells*, which had arrived in time to cheer and encourage, and finally to rescue the crew of the sinking vessel.

THE "THREE BELLS"

TYPE: DESCRIPTIVE NARRATIVE

Beneath the low-hung night cloud
That raked her splintering mast
The good ship settled slowly,
The cruel leak gained fast.

Over the awful ocean
Her signal guns pealed out.
Dear God! was that Thy answer
From the horror round about?

A voice came down the wild wind,
“Ho! ship ahoy!” its cry:
“Our stout *Three Bells* of Glasgow
Shall lay till daylight by!”

Hour after hour crept slowly,
Yet on the heaving swells
Tossed up and down the ship-lights,
The lights of the *Three Bells*!

And ship to ship made signals,
Man answered back to man,
While oft, to cheer and hearten,
The *Three Bells* nearer ran;

And the captain from her taffrail
Sent down his hopeful cry:
“Take heart! Hold on!” he shouted.
“The *Three Bells* shall lay by!”

All night across the waters
The tossing lights shone clear;
All night from reeling taffrail
The *Three Bells* sent her cheer.

And when the dreary watches
Of storm and darkness passed,
Just as the wreck lurched under,
All souls were saved at last.

Sail on, *Three Bells*, forever,
In grateful memory sail!
Ring on, *Three Bells* of rescue,
Above the wave and gale!

Type of the Love eternal,
Repeat the Master's cry,
As tossing through our darkness
The lights of God draw nigh!

—JOHN G. WHITTIER.

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Houghton Mifflin Company.*

Low hung—index of the intensity of the storm.

“*Raked her splintering mast*”—a good picture worth treasuring.

Pealed—sounded forth.

“Ship ahoy”—the hailing salute at sea.

Ship-lights—lights displayed on board ship to prevent collision at night.

Hearten—to encourage.

Taffrail—rail about the stern or rear of the ship.

Lurched under—rolled under.

THE VIOLET

JANE TAYLOR

“The modest violet” is a common phrase, because of the way in which the flower droops its head upon its stem. Its first cousin, the pansy, has the same habit, which gave some French botanist the fancy that it was bowed in thought. So he called it “pensée”—thought—from which word comes our name, “pansy.”

The simple scientific truth about these “modest,” thoughtful flowers, however, is that Nature thus protects their pollen and honey. No rain or dew can wash from the heart of the drooping flower the precious honey which attracts the bees, or the pollen which they are to carry to other blossoms.

THE VIOLET

TYPE: SIMPLE LYRIC

Down in a green and shady bed,
A modest violet grew,
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,
As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower,
Its colors bright and fair;
It might have graced a rosy bower,
Instead of hiding there.

Yet thus it was content to bloom,
In modest tints arrayed;
And there diffused a sweet perfume,
Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go,
This pretty flower to see;
That I may also learn to grow
In sweet humility.

—JANE TAYLOR.

Three ideas are expressed concerning the flower.

1. Its beauty (note how artistically this is given by the poet).

2. Its modesty and humility. The violet is a small flower, attractive yet unpretentious; it is frequently necessary to turn over some large leaves in order to find the beautiful flower hidden beneath them. Such a beautiful flower could appropriately have a place in some royal bower, yet it is content to grow and give joy to others in its humble surroundings.

3. Its service. In addition to being a thing of beauty and joy, it teaches us a lesson—the lesson of humility—how to do big things in life without pomp or display; how to enjoy giving service to others in a simple, unassuming manner.

Bower—an arbor. A grouping of fruits or flowers for display.

Grace—add beauty to, adorn.

Arrayed—to dress, cover, decorate.

Diffused—scatter about.

ODE TO A SKYLARK

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

No bird has been more frequently celebrated in prose and verse than the skylark. In his *Sketch of Stratford-on-Avon*, Washington Irving describes its melodious flight:

“The lark springing up from the bosom of the meadow, towered away into the bright, fleecy cloud, pouring forth torrents of melody. As I watched the little songster, mounting up higher and higher, until his body was a mere speck on the white bosom of the cloud, while the ear was still filled with his music, it called to mind Shakespeare’s exquisite little song in *Cymbeline*:

‘Hark! hark! the lark at heav’n’s gate sings,
And Phœbus ’gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs,
On chaliced flowers that lies.

And winking mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty bin,
My lady sweet, arise.’ ”

Shelley's *Ode to the Skylark* was written at Casa Ricci, in Italy. Of the circumstances which suggested it to him, his wife says:

"It was on a beautiful summer evening, while wandering along the lanes whose myrtle hedges were the bowers of the fire-flies that we heard the caroling of the skylark which inspired one of the most beautiful of his poems."

From *Shelley and His Friends in Italy*, Angeli.

ODE TO A SKYLARK

TYPE: LYRIC

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun
O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
Thou dost float and run ;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight ;
Like a star of heaven,
In a broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is over-
flowed.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not;

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower;

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aërial hue
Among the grass and flowers, which screen it from
the view;

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingéd
thieves:

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine;
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus Hymeneal,
Or triumphal chant
Matched with thine, would be all
But an empty vaunt,
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? What ignorance of
pain?

With thy clear, keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee;
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest
thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate and pride and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

—PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

This is the Poet's message:
Hate and pride and fear are thought of as
detracting from the perfectness of our song
(joy).

This poem is of value

1. For its beauty of diction and its similes—particularly those merely touched upon—suggested.

2. Its simple, straightforward message.

After describing the habits of the skylark, it would be well to compare this poem with Wordsworth's *Skylark* and Hogg's *Skylark*.

Unpremeditated art—The lark's song is contrasted with the more formal kinds of art such as music and poetry. The art of the lark's song is full, free and natural—not limited by conventionalities.

Sunken—meaning below the horizon. The sun has not yet risen.

Unbodied joy—joy in the abstract.

Note how the poet brings out the clearness of the lark's song by comparing it to the first star seen in the evening.

The tenth stanza carries on the same thought. The song still is heard though the bodily form is out of sight.

Praise of love or wine is cited as the conventional subject of poetry.

Chant was formerly pronounced so that it rhymed with vaunt—frequently spelled *chaunt*.

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

During the war of 1812, when the English fleet lay in Chesapeake Bay, Francis Scott Key, went out from Baltimore, with a friend in a small boat to ask the release of Dr. William Beanes, who, although a civilian, had been taken prisoner by the English. Admiral Cockburn, however, was just about to attack Fort McHenry, the chief defense of Baltimore. Fearing that the Americans would give warning to their friends he detained all three, promising that they should be free as soon as the fleet reached its destination.

All day long the attack on Fort McHenry continued both by land and sea. To Key and his friends, anxiously watching from their boat, it seemed impossible that the little fort could hold out. But at sunset the flag still waved from the ramparts. With the falling of night they could see it no longer, but the crash of guns, and the bursting of bombs told them that the fort was still uncaptured.

Suddenly the firing ceased. Had the fort been demolished? Would the flag upon which their eyes had rested at twilight's last gleam still fling its stars and stripes to the morning

air? Never was dawn so anxiously awaited. At last it came, and "the flag was still there." The attack had failed.

This was the supreme moment. Key snatched an old letter from his pocket, and laying it on a barrel-head, wrote on its back the spirited song which he called *The Defense of Fort McHenry*. Under this name it was printed on handbills and distributed through the streets of Baltimore. Within three months the song was popular throughout the entire country; but under the title which it now bears, *The Star Spangled Banner*.

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER *

TYPE: ODE OR DRAMATIC LYRIC

O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed, at the twilight's last
gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the
perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly
streaming;

* Set to air, *Anacreon in Heaven*, by Samuel Arnold, in *Academy Song-Book*, *Assembly Songs*, *Book of a Thousand Songs*, *Most Popular Home Songs*, *Most Popular Songs of Patriotism*, *Our Familiar Songs*, *Riverside Song Book*, *Songs of the Flag and Nation*, *Songs the Children Love to Sing*, *Willis Collection*, No. 41.

And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still
there;
O say, does that Star Spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the
brave?

On that shore, dimly seen through the mist of the
deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence
reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering
steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines in the stream;
'Tis the Star Spangled Banner; O long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the
brave!

And where are the foes who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more;
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps'
pollution;

No refuge could save the hireling and slave
• From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And the Star Spangled Banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the
brave!

O thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desola-
tion;
Blest with victory and peace, may the heav'n-
rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved
us a nation!

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust;"
And the Star Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the
brave!

—FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

Stanza 1—The bursting of the bombs and the glaring of the rockets proved to the watchers in the night that the flag still flew over the fort. Then comes the question at the early break of dawn, "Can you still see the flag?"

Stanza 2—In the distance the flag can be seen as the first rays of the sun are reflected upon it.

Stanza 3—Where is the boastful enemy who

was going to destroy the homes of the people? He has been turned back and the land is still free.

Stanza 4—Let us thank God for our victory. May we always trust in Him and praise His power. When our cause is a just one, we will surely conquer.

General Orders No. 201 of War Department:

Whenever the *Star Spangled Banner* is played by the band, on a formal occasion at a military station, or at any place where persons belonging to the military service are present in their official capacity, all officers and enlisted men present stand at attention, and if not in ranks render the prescribed salute, the position of the salute being retained until the last note of *The Star Spangled Banner*. The same respect is observed toward the national air of any other country when it is played as a compliment to official representatives of such country. Whenever the *Star Spangled Banner* is played as contemplated by this paragraph, the air is played through once without the repetition of any part, except such repetition as is called for by the musical score.

TO-NIGHT

F. J. W.

Written probably of a member of the expedition which helped reduce the Philippine insurgents after the United States had taken over the islands.

One of the soldiers has slipped away from his tent to the hilltop where he sits looking across the distance toward his New England home, seeing once more the faces of his family,—as though he were united with them again for a moment.

TO-NIGHT

TYPE: LYRIC

To-night, my comrades, as you slept,
And all the camp was still,
I left the tent and softly crept
Atop the neighboring hill,
And from the point that eastward trails
Far out into the sea,
I saw New England's hills and vales,
And they are dear to me.

The tropic sea became the bay
That skirts my native shore;
The palms whereon the moon-beams play
Were elms before my door.
Again I saw a dear, sweet face;
I seemed to hear a prayer;
To me a mother's tender grace
Came on the evening air.

A loving sister's eyes were wet,
A brother's tears were free,
A father's anxious face was set
Across the waste of sea.
I seemed to see them all again,
A soldier's holiest sight;
And though to-morrow finds me slain,
I've kissed them all to-night.

Try to appreciate the desire for home on the part of the soldier who is serving his country in a foreign land.

Stanza 1—The soldier tells his comrades that he quietly left the camp during the night, climbed to the top of a nearby hill and gazed over the ocean toward his home.

Stanza 2—In his fancy, he imagined himself again at home, hearing his mother's voice.

Stanza 3—He sees the other dear ones at home who are anxiously awaiting his return. This vision has satisfied him and though he may meet death to-morrow, he will feel that he has kissed them all “good night.”

A PATRIOTIC CREED

EDGAR A. GUEST

In the unending strife for civic betterment small is the use of those people who mean well but who mean well feebly. The man who counts is the man who is decent, and who makes himself felt as a force for decency, for cleanliness, for civic righteousness. He must have several qualities: first and foremost, of course, he must be honest, he must have the root of right thinking in him. That is not enough. In the next place, he must have courage; the timid man counts but little in the rough business of trying to do well the world's work. And finally, in addition to being honest and brave, he must have common sense. If he does not have it, no matter what other qualities he may have, he will find himself at the mercy of those who,

without possessing his desire to do right, know only too well how to make the wrong effective.
—From a Speech by Theodore Roosevelt.

* * * * *

The first requisite of good citizenship is that the man shall do the homely, every-day, humdrum duties well. A man is not a good citizen, I do not care how lofty his thoughts are about citizenship in the abstract, if in the concrete, his actions do not bear them out; and it does not make much difference how high his aspirations for mankind at large may be; if he does not behave well in his own family those aspirations do not bear visible fruit. He must be a good breadwinner, he must take care of his wife and his children, he must be a neighbor whom his neighbors can trust, he must act squarely in his business relations,—he must do all these every-day ordinary duties first, or he is not a good citizen.—From an Address by Theodore Roosevelt.

A PATRIOTIC CREED

TYPE: ODE

To serve my country day by day
At any humble post I may;

To honor and respect her Flag,
To live the traits of which I brag;
To be American in deed
As well as in my printed creed.

To stand for truth and honest toil,
To till my little patch of soil,
And keep in mind the debt I owe
To them who died that I might know
My country, prosperous and free,
And passed this heritage to me.

I always must in trouble's hour
Be guided by the men in power;
For God and country I must live,
My best for God and country give;
No act of mine that men may scan
Must shame the name American.

To do my best and play my part,
American in mind and heart;
To serve the flag and bravely stand
To guard the glory of my land;
To be American in deed,
God grant me strength to keep this creed.

In Over Here, by Edgar A. Guest.

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The poem states a patriot's belief as to what he must do and be in order that he might be a good American. The following thoughts are presented:

Stanza 1.—I must be of service to America;
I must honor the flag;
I must practice the Americanism I
preach.

Stanza 2.—I must stand for truth;
I must toil, not idle away my opportunities;
I must remember the debt I owe
my forefathers.

Stanza 3.—I must stand by those in authority.
I must serve God and my country;
I must not stain the name "American."

Stanza 4.—My mind and heart must be American;
To be a good American, God must
give me the strength to practice
my beliefs.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

To understand this poem one must be acquainted with the facts in connection with the life of the nautilus. The chambered nautilus is a small shellfish found in tropical waters, particularly around Sicily. It has a shell similar to that of the snail, with the interior divided into several chambers, each succeeding chamber larger than the first. Life begins in the smallest chamber and as the animal grows, it builds partitions and moves into the next larger chamber. A small cord running through the center of the shell connects all the chambers.

Dr. Holmes compares the growth of the nautilus to the human development. We develop from tender infancy to advanced old age and each stage of the development is connected back to earlier stages by the delicate cord of memory.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS *

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—

*Musical setting as a cantata for women's voices, by Mrs. H. H. A. Beach.

The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings,
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming
hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim, dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed,—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year, beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old
no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,

Cast from her lap, forlorn !
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathéd horn !

While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that
sings!—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll !

Leave thy low-vaulted past !
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea !

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

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In reading the poem, we must imagine the poet sitting at his desk with the lifeless broken shell before him, examining its interesting structure. In stanza 1 and 2 we get an idea of the nautilus' shape, size, color, structure, where it lives, etc. Stanza 3 tells how the nautilus develops. A study of this gives Holmes the inspiration referred to in Stanza 4, and given in Stanza 5. The message of this stanza in sub-

stance is this: the soul of man should aspire to higher things, just as the nautilus expands and grows from a small and lower plane to one loftier and better.

What does “nautilus” mean?

Ship of pearl—the shell.

Main—the ocean.

Purpled wings—gauze-like projections which the animal was popularly supposed to have the power of throwing out in the manner of sails.

Siren—In classic fable, the sirens were sea-nymphs dwelling near the island of Sicily in the Mediterranean, who sang with such entrancing sweetness that sailors who listened forgot their country, and their homes, and died in an ecstasy of delight.

Sea-maids—in Grecian mythology, the *ne-reides*, or sea-nymphs.

Crypt—an inner cell.

Irised—rainbow-colored.

Triton—a fabled sea demigod, the son of Neptune and Venus, and the trumpeter of Neptune. Holmes has here in mind a line of Wordsworth’s,—

“Or hear old Triton blow his wréathed horn.”

Author and critics are agreed that *The Cham-*

bered Nautilus is the most perfect poem Holmes ever wrote.

“In writing the poem,” said Holmes, “I was filled with the highest state of mental exaltation and the most crystalline clairvoyance, as it seemed to me, that had ever been granted to me,—I mean that lucid vision of one’s thought and of all forms of expression which will be at once precise and musical, which is the poet’s special gift, however large or small in amount or value.”

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

ALFRED TENNYSON

The charge of the Light Brigade took place on October 25th, 1854, in the battle of Balaklava, during the Crimean War. Through some never explained mistake, the small body of 670 English cavalrymen, known as the Light Brigade, commanded by Lord Lucan, received an order to charge a much larger force of the Russian army, strongly protected, moreover, by redoubts and artillery. Only 198 men returned alive.

The well-known war correspondent, W. H. Russell, thus told the story in the *London Times*:

“The whole brigade scarcely made one effective regiment, according to the numbers of Continental armies, and yet it was more than we could spare. As they rushed toward the front, the Russians opened on them from the guns in the redoubt on the right, with volleys of musketry and rifles. They swept proudly past, glittering in the morning sun, in all the pride and splendor of war.

“We could hardly believe the evidence of our senses! Surely that handful of men are not going to charge an army in position! Alas! it was but too true. Their desperate valor knew no bounds, and far indeed was it removed from its so-called better part—discretion.

“They advanced in two lines, quickening their pace as they closed toward the enemy. A more fearful spectacle was never witnessed than by those who beheld these heroes rushing to the arms of death. At the distance of twelve hundred yards the whole line of the enemy belched forth from thirty iron mouths a flood of smoke and flame, through which hissed the deadly balls. Their flight was marked by in-

stant gaps in our ranks, by dead men and horses, by steeds flying wounded or riderless across the plain.

“The first line is broken!—it is joined by the second!—they never halt, or check their speed an instant. With diminished ranks—thinned by those thirty guns, which the Russians had laid with the most deadly accuracy—with a halo of flashing steel above their heads, and with a cheer which was many a noble fellow’s death-cry, they flew into the smoke of the batteries; but ere they were lost from view, the plain was strewn with their bodies, and with the carcasses of horses.

“They were exposed to an oblique fire from the batteries on the hills on both sides, as well as to a direct fire of musketry. Through the clouds of smoke we could see their sabres flashing as they rode up to the guns and dashed between them, cutting down the gunners as they stood.

“To our delight we saw them returning after breaking through a column of Russian infantry, and scattering them like chaff, when the flank-fire of the battery on the hill swept them down, scattered and broken as they were. Wounded men and dismounted troopers flying toward us

told the sad tale. Demigods could not have done what they had failed to do.”

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

I

TYPE: WAR BALLAD

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.
“Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!” he said:
Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.

II

“Forward, the Light Brigade!”
Was there a man dismay’d?
Not tho’ the soldier knew
 Some one had blunder’d:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.

III

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
 Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell,
 Rode the six hundred.

IV

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
 All the world wonder'd;
Plunged in the battery-smoke,
Right thro' the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke
 Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not,
 Not the six hundred.

V

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
 Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
 Left of six hundred.

VI

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
 All the world wonder'd.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade!
 Noble six hundred!

—ALFRED TENNYSON.

Stanza 1.—Gives the order to advance.

Stanza 2.—Here we have the reaction of the men, who, though they knew the command

meant destruction, did not hesitate or complain, but did their duty.

Stanzas 3 and 4.—Describe very vividly the attack upon the Russian gunners and Cossack cavalry.

Stanza 5.—A description of the brave attempt to return to the English lines.

Stanza 6.—Tennyson's tribute to the Brigade. Their noble deed will be honored forever by all nations.

According to the poem, what are the duties of a soldier?

For what purposes is cavalry most generally employed in warfare?

Do you think it was a wise plan to use cavalry for this engagement?

League—A measure of distance used in England, varying from 2.5 to 4.6 miles.

Valley of Death—Refers to the valley through which the English rode to attack the Russian guns.

Sabres—A heavy sword, often curved, used by cavalry troops.

Cossack—Warlike tribe of South Russia, world-famed for their abilities as horsemen.

CONCORD HYMN

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

During the early spring of 1775, the people of Massachusetts were collecting arms and ammunition, and storing them at Concord and Worcester. The English Governor, General Gage, learned of the hiding-place at Concord, and sent eight hundred troops from Boston to destroy the supplies. The alarm had been given, however, and the troops were delayed by the gathering minute-men, who met them at Lexington, and fought the skirmish called "the battle of Lexington."

"After this the British or 'regulars' marched on towards Concord. While all this went on, the Concord people were removing their military stores to the woods for safety. Then the minute-men who had been hurrying towards Concord,—to the number of about four hundred and fifty in all,—took up a position on the high ground near what is called the 'North Bridge,' which is just out of the village. They could see the British soldiers moving about the streets, destroying military stores and provisions, cutting down the liberty pole, and setting the court-

house on fire. Then the officers of the minute-men decided to march down to the bridge, and at least drive away the British soldiers who were stationed there. Captain Isaac Davis of Acton said proudly, 'I haven't a man that is afraid to go,' and he and his company marched at the head.

"When they reached the bridge, the British soldiers fired; and Davis fell dead. Then Major Buttrick called, 'Fire! for God's sake, fire!' The Americans fired; and the regulars retreated in great confusion, one man being killed, and several wounded."

From *Young Folks' History of the United States*, Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

CONCORD HYMN *

TYPE: ODE

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

* Musical setting, by Ludwig Beethoven, in *Riverside Song Book and Songs of the Flag and Nation*.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

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In 1836, sixty-one years after the battle of Concord, our country erected the famous "Battle Monument" at one end of Concord Bridge. Emerson was chosen to write the dedication hymn. In 1875 the statue of "The Minute Man" was placed on the opposite bank. This bears the first stanza of the "Concord Hymn."
April's breeze—the battle occurred April 19, 1775.

Embattled—ready to give battle or stand an attack.

The shot heard round the world—this resistance of the colonists startled all the world. It was so clearly heard that it led to other famous revolutions against tyranny and oppression.

Votive—performed in fulfillment of a vow: dedicated by a vow.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

LORD GEORGE GORDON BYRON

Assyria was an ancient nation in southwestern Asia. Sennacherib was king of Assyria for twenty-four years from 705-681 B.C. At the time of the incident described in the poem Hezekiah was king of Judah, the southernmost of the kingdoms into which the kingdom of Israel had split after the death of Solomon. At this time Hezekiah had as his ally, the king of Egypt. Sennacherib, after defeating the Egyptian forces and putting to death the priests and chief men, turned his attention to Jerusalem and besieged the place. As he says in one of the royal inscriptions discovered among the ruins of his palace in Nineveh: "And Hezekiah himself I

shut up in Jerusalem . . . like a bird in a cage building towers around the city to hem him in and raising banks of earth against the gates so as to prevent his escape.”

“He sent messengers unto Hezekiah, saying, ‘Let not thy God in whom thou trustest, deceive thee, saying, Jerusalem shall not be delivered into the hand of the king of Assyria. Behold, thou hast heard what the kings of Assyria have done to all lands, by destroying them utterly; and shalt thou be delivered? Have the gods of the nations delivered them which my fathers have destroyed?’

“And Hezekiah received the letter of the hand of the messenger, and read it. . . . And Hezekiah prayed before the Lord, and said, ‘Of a truth, Lord, the kings of Assyria have destroyed the nations and their lands, and have cast their gods into the fire; for they were no gods, but the work of men’s hands, wood and stone; therefore, they have destroyed them. Now therefore, O Lord our God, I beseech thee, save thou us from out of his hand, that all the kingdoms of the earth may know that thou art the Lord God, even thou only.’

“Then Isaiah sent to Hezekiah, saying, ‘Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, That which thou

hast prayed to me against Sennacherib king of Assyria, I have heard. Thus saith the Lord, He shall not come into this city, nor shoot an arrow there, nor come before it with shield, nor cast a bank against it. By the way that he came, by the same shall he return, and shall not pass into this city, saith the Lord. For I will defend this city to save it, for mine own sake, and for my servant David's sake.'

"And it came to pass that night, that the angel of the Lord went out, and smote in the camp of the Assyrians a hundred fourscore and five thousand; and when they arose early in the morning, behold, they were all dead corpses. So Sennacherib, king of Assyria, departed and went and returned, and dwelt at Nineveh."—II Kings, Chapter XIX.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

I

TYPE: BALLAD

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the
 sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

II

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath
 blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

III

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew
 still!

IV

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his
 pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

V

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;

And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

VI

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

—LORD GEORGE GORDON BYRON.

The aggressiveness of the Assyrians appears in the first line.

Notice the contrast as set forth in the second verse between the state of the Assyrian army before and after the pestilence swept over it.

Cohorts—same as companies.

Galilee—the sea of Galilee, the headwaters of the Jordan, chief river system in Palestine. The sea of Galilee is noted for its beautiful scenery.

Angel of death—the pestilence.

Ashur—another name for Assyria.

Baal—name of the chief god of the Assyrians.

Might of the Gentile—might of Sennacherib.

Glance of the Lord—here the pestilence.

TO A WATERFOWL

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

December 15, 1815, Bryant wandered alone across the Massachusetts hills. His life seemed to him to be hopelessly drifting. Unable to continue his college work because of a lack of funds, shut out from literary work because there were no chances for him, Bryant finally made up his mind to study law. As he traveled on "forlorn and desolate," he saw in the sky overhead a solitary wild-duck that had been separated from its companions in the flight to the south. It, too, seemed to be wandering in its course. But, as he watched it, he felt sure the fowl would arrive safely at its destination because God was the pilot. And so, he reasoned, he, too, would put his trust in the wisdom of God and would go as he was guided by Him, in the knowledge that "He . . . will lead my steps aright." This lesson, learned from observing the waterfowl, was written in verse under the heading "Lines to a Waterfowl."

TO A WATERFOWL

TYPE: ODE

Whither, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
 Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone: the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
 And shall not soon depart.

He, who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone
 Will lead my steps aright.

—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Water-fowl, such as the wild goose and the brant, spend their summers in the northern part of Canada. In September and October they fly south to the sea-islands of New Jersey, or if it is very cold, still further down the coast.

In April or May they return north, flying in great flocks, as directly and as accurately as if guided by a compass. The brants, in particular, will often fly all night long over the ocean, many miles from shore. Yet they never fail to

reach the Canadian lake for which they are bound.

Stanza 1.—The poet asks the solitary bird
“Where are you going?”

Stanza 2.—The bird is flying at such a height that no huntsman could take a deadly aim.

Stanza 3.—Again the poet asks, “Are you bound for some distant lake, river or ocean?”

Stanza 4.—And then he remembers that though the bird is lost to the rest of the flock, “there is a Power whose care teaches thy way.”

Stanza 5.—The poet is reminded of the fact that the bird flies all day, and even, sometimes, at night.

Stanza 6.—But soon he will be able to bask in the southern suns and frolic with his fellows.

Stanza 7.—The bird slowly disappears from sight, yet the poet will never forget the lesson this wanderer has taught him.

Stanza 8.—This lesson is given in this last stanza: God, who safely guides the wandering bird, will be a trusty guide for the poet throughout his long, uncertain life.

Last steps of day—evening.

Fowler—hunter who catches water-fowls.

Plashy—watery.

Marge—margin.

Power—God.

The welcome land—the final stopping place
for the migrating bird.

He—God.

RECESSIONAL

RUDYARD KIPLING

This poem was written, in 1897, for the close of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee,—the sixtieth anniversary of her coronation. To assist in this great celebration there were gathered together "the Prime Ministers of all the self-governing colonies [of England], troops from these colonies, and Imperial Service Troops sent by native Indian princes. Hausas from the West Coast of Africa, Negroes from West Indies, Zaptiehs from Cyprus, Chinamen from Hong Kong, Dyaks from Borneo, took part in ceremonies of unparalleled splendor. One hundred and sixty-five vessels of the Royal Navy assembled from their various stations for review. The poem was an appropriate monition at a time when the British people might well have been dazzled by the pomp that typified the

might, majesty, dominion, and power of England.

“There are in this poem, with one exception, no literal quotations from the Bible, such as are found in many of Rudyard Kipling’s other poems. But the following references show that in the choice of words, he was considerably under the influence of the Bible.

“Deuteronomy vi:12.

“Job xxxix:25.

“Psalm ix:17.

“Nahum iii:7.

“Romans ii:14.”

From Ralph Durand, *A Handbook to the Poetry of Rudyard Kipling*. By permission of Doubleday, Page & Co., Publishers.

RECESSIONAL *

TYPE: A PRAYER AND PROTEST—A HYMN.

I

God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

* Musical setting by W. H. Aiken, in *Willis Collection*.

II

The tumult and the shouting dies ;—

The captains and the kings depart,
Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,

An humble and a contrite heart.

Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

III

Far-called, our navies melt away ;

On dune and headland sinks the fire ;

Lo, all our pomp of yesterday

Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!

Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,

Lest we forget—lest we forget!

IV

If drunk with sight of power, we loose

Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,

Or lesser breeds without the law—

Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

V

For heathen heart that puts its trust
In reeking tube, and iron shard,
All valiant dust, that builds on dust,
And, guarding, calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word—
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!

—RUDYARD KIPLING.

The recessional hymn is the hymn sung at the close of the service. Kipling's poem came at the close of the period of feasting and rejoicing and is meant as a sober afterthought to be read and pondered upon by the English public when the glory of the pageantry has passed. It is a sermon for the people of England, protesting against the spirit of a people who think only of their own bigness and importance. It has, moreover, a prayer to God that He will forgive these people their vain conceit, that He will be merciful to them, and make them appreciate their littleness in the face of a Power that protects and defends them. The poem is addressed,

not to the people of England, but to the God of Hosts.

Lord of our far-flung battle line refers to the greatness of England, on whose banner the sun never sets.

Palm and pine—the one is a symbol of the dominions stretching far to the south, the other those far to the north.

The first two lines of verse 2 refer to the end of the celebration when the frenzy dies down and the royal visitors leave. In the remainder of the verse Kipling would have God know that the only permanent residue of it all is the humble, contrite heart of the Briton.

Verse 3 refers to the departure of the navy and to the dying down of the fires that blazed on the hills of the isle during the jubilee. Moreover, the splendor of the occasion has gone as has the pomp of the ancient cities of Nineveh and Tyre.

In verse 4 Kipling decries the boastings of the people, who, like the heathen, lost sight of the mercy and protection of a Divine Being and thought only of their achievement in terms of themselves.

In the last verse the author beseeches God to have mercy upon the blind people who put their

trust in the *iron shard* (pieces of bomb shell) and *reeking tube* (cannon) and soldiery, forgetting the benefits and protection of the Greater Power without Whom they could not exist as a people or nation.

This poem, preached from the pulpit and printed in every paper, had a wonderful effect in sobering the nation and brought to the more thoughtful and responsible people of England a truer conception of the source and strength of their national importance.

In the letter which accompanied the *Recessional* to the *London Times*, Mr. Kipling said, in part:

“Enclosed please find my sentiments on things—which I hope are yours. We’ve been blowing up the Trumpets of the New Moon a little too much for White Men, and it’s about time we sobered down.”

The poem was published the next morning, July 17, 1897. Mr. Kipling was asked to name his own price for it, but absolutely refused all payment.

From *Literature*, Vol. VIII, 1901.

COLUMBUS

JOAQUIN MILLER

Ferdinand Columbus, the son of America’s discoverer, wrote a biography of his father which gives a full account of his first voyage westward. A few extracts are given here. It

is to be noticed that Ferdinand always speaks of his father as "the Admiral," and of the sailors as "the people."

"On the morning of Thursday, the sixth of September, 1492, the admiral commenced his great undertaking by standing directly westwards. . . . On the ninth of September . . . losing sight of land, and stretching out into utterly unknown seas, many of the people expressed their anxiety and fear that it might be long before they should see land again; but the admiral used every endeavor to comfort them with the assurance of soon finding the land he was in search of. . . .

"Saturday, the twenty-second September, the wind veered to the southwest . . .; and though this was adverse to the direction of their proposed voyage, the admiral to comfort the people alleged that this was a favorable circumstance; because among other causes of fear, they had said they should never have a wind to blow them back to Spain, as it had always blown from the east since they left. They still continued to murmur, however, alleging that this southwest wind was by no means a settled one.

[Many signs of land were seen, the last week of September,—a turtle-dove, other land-birds,

crabs, and small fish usually found near land. But no land was sighted.]

“The more that the tokens mentioned above were observed, and found not to be followed by the so anxiously looked-for land, the more the people became fearful of the event, and entered into cabals against the admiral, who they said was desirous to make himself a great lord at the expense of their danger. . . . Some even proceeded so far as to propose, in case the admiral should refuse to acquiesce in their proposals, that they might make a short end of all disputes by throwing him overboard.

“On the thirtieth of September . . . the admiral noticed that the compass varied a whole point to the N. W. at nightfall, and came due north every morning at day-break. As this unheard of circumstance confounded and terrified the pilots . . . the admiral endeavored to calm their fears by assigning a cause for this wonderful phenomenon. He alleged that it was caused by the polar star making a circuit around the pole, by which they were not a little satisfied.

“On the tenth of October, although abundance of birds were continually passing both by day and night, the people never ceased to complain. . . . It would have been impossible for

the admiral to have much longer withstood the numbers which now opposed him, but it pleased God that in the afternoon of Tuesday, the eleventh of October, such manifest tokens of being near the land appeared, that the men took courage. . . .

“After this, as the admiral was in the cabin about ten o’clock at night, he saw a light on the shore. . . . Being now so near land, all the ships lay to. . . . When daylight appeared, the newly discovered land was perceived to consist of a flat island fifteen leagues in length, without any hills, all covered with trees, and having a great lake in the middle.”

COLUMBUS *

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores;
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: “Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone,
Brave Adm’r’l, speak; what shall I say?”
“Why, say: ‘Sail on! sail on! and on!’”

* Musical setting, German air, in *Riverside Song Book*.

“My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly, wan and weak.”
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
“What shall I say, brave Adm’r’l, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?”
“Why, you shall say at break of day:
‘Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!’”

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
“Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Adm’r’l, speak and say—”
He said: “Sail on! sail on! and on!”

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
“This mad sea shows his teeth to-night.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
He lifts his teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Adm’r’l, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?”
The words leapt like a leaping sword:
“Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!”

Then pale and worn, he paced his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! A light! At last a light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

—JOAQUIN MILLER.

*Used by permission of the Harr Wagner Publishing Co.,
publishers of Joaquin Miller's Complete Poems.*

There appears to be no special occasion for the writing of this poem. Miller's poems deal chiefly with nature and human life on the Pacific Coast and Central America, and are noted for their fire, color and dash. This is but one, no doubt the best, of his poems dealing with great adventures of human life.

Azores—Portuguese Islands in the North Atlantic off the mainland of Europe. This was the last land touched by Columbus.

Gates of Hercules—Straits of Gibraltar.

The mate—the officer directly in charge of the mutinous crew.

The words leaped like a leaping sword—a remarkable way of expressing the intense emotion and fervor of Columbus.

He kept his deck and peered through darkness—Columbus watched anxiously all night long.

A starlit flag unfurled—some of the islands discovered by Columbus later became a part of the United States.

Time's burst of dawn—a new era in the world's history.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

WALT WHITMAN

The Civil War had ended. Lee had capitulated. Lincoln, walking through the streets of Richmond, had been cheered at every step by the thronging freedmen. The North, jubilant over the great national victory; the South, confident in the magnanimity of the President,—both looked to Lincoln as the one friend who could re-kindle the spirit of amity. There was comparatively little of that deep bitterness which followed later in the reconstruction period. All seemed hopeful for the nation, and for its chief, who had at last won the respect and admiration of even those who had most mercilessly mocked and vilified him during his first years in office.

And then—Lincoln was shot! Henry Ward Beecher has voiced in prose the horror and despair of the nation after that dreadful deed, while Whitman's poem is a cry of love and sorrow for his lost captain. The irony of fate is here—the Ship of State steered safely through countless dangers to the longed-for harbor, flags flying, bugles trilling, people exulting in their Captain, and that Captain, at the moment of home-coming, “fallen cold and dead.”

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN *

TYPE: ODE

I

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we
 sought is won;
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all
 exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and
 daring:
But O heart! heart! heart!
 O the bleeding drops of red,
 Where on the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

* Musical setting by G. M. Wyman, in *Riverside Song Book*; Anonymous, in *Willis Collection*.

II

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle
trills;

For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the
shores a-crowding;

For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces
turning;

Here Captain! dear father!

This arm beneath your head;

It is some dream that on the deck,

You've fallen cold and dead.

III

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and
still;

My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor
will;

The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed
and done;

From fearful trip, the victor ship comes in with
object won:

Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!

But I, with mournful tread,

Walk the deck my Captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

Used by permission of David McKay Company, Philadelphia.

Walt Whitman was a volunteer nurse in the Army Hospital at Washington during the Civil War. He knew President Lincoln intimately and loved him. The poem was written as a tribute to the martyred President after his assassination.

Readers will find in this poem two strangely conflicting emotions—joy and grief. There is a great joy over the successful conclusion of the war, followed by the deep sorrow of Whitman, caused by the murder of Lincoln.

Captain—this refers to Lincoln as leader of the Nation.

The fearful trip—refers to the Civil War.

The vessel or ship—is the nation.

The port—signifies the conclusion of the war.

The prize we sought—refers to the preservation of the nation.

In stanza 1 we have the great joy of the people over the conclusion of the war and the preservation of the Union, followed by Whitman's grief over the death of Lincoln. At the beginning Lincoln is represented as alive and standing on the deck of the vessel as the trip is finished. Just as the port is being entered, Lincoln falls dead on the deck (last four lines).

This refers to Lincoln's assassination at the great moment of victory.

Stanza 2 is somewhat similar to stanza 1. The first four lines portray the patriotic regard of the people for Lincoln, who has been the great Captain of the Nation. These lines are followed by the tender sentiments of Whitman on the death of one whom he loved as a father.

The last stanza expresses the same conflicting emotions:—the joy of the great multitude is contrasted with the passionate sorrow of the poet.

SPEECH AT THE DEDICATION OF THE NATIONAL CEMETERY AT GETTYSBURG

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

The success of the North at Gettysburg, in July, 1863, lifted a great load from the heart of President Lincoln, who realized that now the crisis had been passed. On November 15th of that year a group of loyal Americans met on the battlefield to consecrate it as a National Cemetery. Edward Everett, the great orator, was the principal speaker of the day. His won-

derful eloquence held the people spellbound for hours.

The President, worn and weary and with all the affairs of state on his soul, made a brief address lasting less than two minutes. At first the people could not comprehend the truth their chieftain told them. But when the next day they comprehended the full meaning of the message, they showered Lincoln with the greatest praise. Everett himself wrote, "I should be glad if I came as near to the central thought of the occasion in two hours as you did in two minutes."

In an editorial comment upon the occasion, *Harper's Weekly* says, in its issue for December 5th, 1863:

The solemn ceremony at Gettysburg is one of the most striking events of the war. There are grave-yards enough in the land—what is Virginia but a cemetery?—and the brave who have died for us in this fierce war consecrate the soil from the ocean to the Mississippi. But there is peculiar significance in the field of Gettysburg, for there "thus far" was thundered to the rebellion. This it is which separates it from all the other battle-fields of this war. Elsewhere the men in the ranks have fought as nobly, and their officers have directed as bravely; but here their valor stayed the flood, and like the precious shells that the highest storm-tides strew upon the beach, showing how far the waters came, so the dead heroes of Gettysburg marked the highest tide of the war. Therefore shall their graves be peculiarly honored, and their memory especially sacred; and all that living men can bring of pomp

and solemnity and significance to hallow their resting-place shall not be wanting.

The President and the Cabinet were there, with famous soldiers and civilians. The oration by Mr. Everett was smooth and cold. Delivered, doubtless, with his accustomed graces, it yet wanted one stirring thought, one vivid picture, one thrilling appeal.

The few words of the President were from the heart to the heart. They can not be read, even, without kindling emotion. "The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here." It was as simple and felicitous and earnest a word as was ever spoken.

THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can

never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Fourscore and seven years ago—refers to 1776, the birth of the United States.

Conceived—started, begun.

Consecrate—to make sacred.

In the first section (first three sentences) Lincoln clearly explained the purpose of the meeting, and the underlying cause of the struggle between the North and South. This conflict Lincoln declared centered about the proposition “that all men are created equal.”

In section 2 (next four sentences) Lincoln points out what the brave boys of the North have done, and in comparison what little the

spectators can do. The living and the dead of the Northern Army will always be remembered by all the world.

In the last section (the remainder of the speech) Lincoln clearly points out the duty and responsibility resting upon each loyal citizen. Every loyal American must dedicate his life to the cause for which the nation struggles, must fight it out to the finish so that the Nation shall not perish from the earth.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND

THOMAS CAMPBELL

This song was begun during a summer spent at the seaside with some friends who were accustomed to gather in the evening to sing. One of their favorite songs was *Ye Gentlemen of England*. Carried away by this ballad, and influenced by the ocean close at hand, Campbell wrote the first draft of this poem, in the summer of 1799, when he was only twenty-three years old.

The following winter, the rumors of war with Russia roused all Campbell's patriotism, and he finished the stirring song. The poem appeared

first in 1801, in the *Morning Chronicle*, with the title, *Alteration of the old ballad, "Ye Gentlemen of England,"* composed on the prospect of a Russian war, and signed "Amator Patriæ."

About this time, Campbell met in Germany Anthony M'Cann, a leader of the Irish Rebellion of 1798. The sad story of M'Cann and his associates inspired the poet to write *The Exile of Erin*. On his return to Scotland, he was arrested for high treason, on suspicion of having conspired with the exiles. His baggage was opened and searched. But, instead of finding treasonable papers, the officers discovered the first draft of *Ye Mariners of England!* Needless to say, Campbell was at once set free.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND *

A Naval Ode

I

TYPE: PATRIOTIC ODE

Ye Mariners of England
That guard our native seas,
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze—

* Musical setting by John W. Callcott, in *Our Familiar Songs*.

Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow,—
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

II

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave.
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow,—
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

III

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak

She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore
When the stormy winds do blow,—
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

IV

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow,—
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

—THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Mariners—sailors, particularly those of the navy.

Native seas—the waters bordering the British Isles.

Braved a thousand years—a touch which arouses pride at the long life of the nation during which the flag has flown.

Your standard launch again—set out for the attack with flags flying.

Blake and Nelson—British naval heroes.

Britannia—the British people, like “Columbia.”

Bulwark—fortress walls.

Meteor flag—blazing red battle flag.

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

JOHN McCRAE

TYPE: WAR LYRIC

Dr. John McCrae served as medical officer with the First Brigade of Canadian Artillery, from October, 1914, to June, 1915, when he was transferred to Boulogne. During the second battle of Ypres, in May, 1915, this Brigade was in the thickest of the fighting. “For seventeen days and seventeen nights,” wrote McCrae, “none of us have had our clothes off, nor our boots even, except occasionally.”

It was at this time that he wrote *In Flanders Fields*. Major-General Morrison, who commanded the Brigade, says:

“This poem was literally born of fire and blood during the hottest phase of the second battle of Ypres. My headquarters were in a

trench on the top of the bank of the Ypres Canal, and John had his dressing station [first aid relief for the wounded] in a hole dug in the foot of the bank. During periods in the battle, men who were shot actually rolled down the bank into his dressing station. Along from us a few hundred yards was the headquarters of a regiment, and many times during the sixteen days of battle, he and I watched them burying their dead whenever there was a lull. Thus the crosses, row on row, grew into a good-sized cemetery. Just as he describes, we often heard in the mornings the larks singing high in the air, between the crash of the shell and the reports of the guns in the battery just beside us. I have a letter from him in which he mentions having written the poem between the arrival of batches of wounded."

From *An Essay in Character*, by Sir Andrew MacPhail, in *In Flanders Fields and Other Poems*.

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie,
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

—JOHN MCCRAE.

From *In Flanders Fields*, by John McCrae. Courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons, Publishers, New York and London.

The author represents the spirits of the dead speaking to those left behind who must fight out the struggle to a finish. The dead have done their duty, and leave the task to be completed by the living. Under the peaceful poppies of Flanders, with the peaceful song of the lark overhead, the dead do not regret the sacrifice they have made. They will rest, happy and contented, in their graves, if their friends keep their promises and fight on to the end. If, however, the cause is given up and the conflict is

left undecided, the dead will not rest in peace, they say, even in the poppy fields of Flanders.

The poppies—in Belgium, “the battlefield of Europe,” the ground fought over in every battle is marked for years by flaming fields of poppies. This has been mentioned many times by writers and travelers. Thus the field of Waterloo was clearly defined for a long time by the poppies which bloomed upon it.

The torch—a symbol of the struggle for freedom and liberty. In the Greek athletic games of olden times, a race sometimes run was the torch race. This was sometimes on horseback, sometimes on foot. In the latter case, it might be either a single race, or a relay with four runners on a team. Always, of course, the object was to bring in the torch still lighted at the end of the race. The poet may refer to this, or to the old Scotch custom of the Fiery Cross, of which Sir Walter Scott tells in *The Lady of the Lake*. If a chieftain wished to call his subjects to war, he made a small cross, set its ends afire, and quenched the blaze in the blood of a goat. The Fiery Cross was then carried at top speed by one runner after another, through all the district, and heavy curses were invoked on any who did not at once obey its call.

*Take up our quarrel with the foe—avenge us,
and fight the same struggle the dead fought.*

*Though poppies blow—*Poppies are an emblem of sleep. Morpheus, the Greek god of sleep, was crowned with poppies.

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

An Answer

C. B. GALBRAITH

In the summer of 1915, John McCrae's poem, *In Flanders Fields*, first appeared, in an English paper, and became at once, what it probably still remains, the best-known of all the poems inspired by the Great War.

In Flanders Fields was printed and reprinted. It appeared in papers and magazines all over the English-speaking world. The terrible struggle at Ypres was fresh in the minds of all, and here spoke a voice out of that very battle.

The poem struck a note to which many hearts instantly responded. Within a few weeks, dozens of "Answers" appeared in both England and America.

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

An Answer

TYPE: WAR LYRIC

In Flanders fields the cannon boom
And fitful flashes light the gloom,
While up above, like eagles fly
The fierce destroyers of the sky.
With stains the earth wherein you lie
Is redder than the poppy bloom
In Flanders fields.

Sleep on, ye brave; the shrieking shell,
The quaking trench, the startled yell,
The fury of the battle hell
Shall wake you not, for all is well.
Sleep peacefully, for all is well.
Your flaming torch we bear;
With burning heart an oath we swear
To keep the faith, to fight it through,
To crush the foe, or sleep with you
In Flanders fields.

—C. B. GALBRAITH.

This is a soldier's answer to the plea of the
dead in Flanders field.

Stanzas 1 and 2 give a picture of warfare in Flanders fields. Above the sod there is no peace or quiet—the cannon, the destroyers, the shot and shell are more conspicuous than the silent poppy or the merry lark. It is this fury and din of warfare, however, that will give peace to the dead, who would find no rest or comfort if their cry, “Take up our quarrel with the foe,” were disregarded.

“All is well” for “we swear to keep the faith, to fight it through.” The soldiers have sworn that it will be a fight to the finish; the cause of liberty and freedom will be fought to a finish on Flanders fields; either the foe will be crushed or the soldiers will give up their lives in battle.

PROMOTED

JOHN OXENHAM

In the North Sea Battle, May 31st, 1916,

JOHN TRAVERS CORNWELL,

First-Class Boy, H. M. S. *Chester*.

The Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Fleet, in submitting to the Admiralty his Report on the Jutland Bank Battle, includes the following instance of devotion to duty recorded by Sir David Beatty:

“A report from the Commanding Officer of ‘Chester’ gives a splendid instance of devotion to duty. Boy (First-Class) John Travers Cornwell, of ‘Chester,’ was mortally wounded early in the action. He nevertheless remained standing alone at a most exposed post, quietly awaiting orders till the end of the action, with the gun’s crew dead and wounded all around him. His age was under 16½ years. I regret that he has since died, but I recommend his case for special recognition in justice to his memory, and as an acknowledgment of the high example set by him.”

PROMOTED

TYPE: DRAMATIC LYRIC

There was his duty to be done,—
And he did it.

No thought of glory to be won;
There was his duty to be done,—
And he did it.

Wounded when scarce the fight begun,
Of all his fellows left not one;
There was his duty to be done,—
And he did it.

Death's fiery hail he did not shun,
Fearless he stood, unmoved, alone,
Beside his eager, useless gun;
There was his duty to be done,—
And he did it.

Britain, be proud of such a son!
Deathless the fame that he has won.
Only a boy,—but such a one!—
Standing for ever to his gun;
There was his duty to be done,—
And he did it.

Let every soul in all the land
Revere his steadfast loyalty.
Britain shall all unconquered stand
While she can breed such sons as he.
His brave, short life was nobly planned
On lines of perfect fealty,
His death fulfilled his KING's command,
"Aye ready be to come to ME."
And he did it.

JOHN OXENHAM.

From *The Vision Splendid*, by John Oxenham. Copyright,
1917, George H. Doran Company, Publishers.

The poem can easily be divided in two parts.

1. The first four stanzas tell the situation—the task to be done.

2. The last two stanzas contain a tribute to the hero, a statement of what his bravery should mean to all Britons and what such a hero means to his country. The last stanza is practically a sermon.

Eager, useless gun—this means that the gun has been rendered useless, yet would gladly do its share in the battle.

Deathless—his fame will live on forever.

Revere—hold sacred, honor.

Breed—means more than to give birth to, here it means if England can train lads to such devotion.

Fealty—loyalty, devotion.

THE QUALITY OF MERCY

From *The Merchant of Venice*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

This play tells the story of Antonio, a rich merchant of Venice, who, in a moment of distress, borrows three thousand ducats from Shylock, the Jew, promising “in merry sport,” as pledge for its return, a pound of flesh to be cut

from his body "nearest his heart." This money is to meet the necessities of his friend Bassanio in courting Portia, a fair and wealthy young lady of a near-by town. Bassanio protests vigorously against such a pledge, but is overruled by Antonio, whose richly laden ships will surely "come home a month before the day."

In this, however, he is disappointed, and on the very day when Bassanio wins his bride, he receives word that Antonio's bond is forfeit, and Antonio himself in prison. Bassanio hastens back to Venice to save his friend. All that he can do he does, but it is Portia who achieves the rescue. Dressed in a lawyer's costume, in which not even her husband recognizes her, she attends Antonio's trial. Here Shylock is offered three times the money by Bassanio, but will take nothing but the forfeit.

Then Portia, as the young lawyer, makes this wonderful plea, "The quality of mercy is not strained." Even this has no effect on Shylock, and the court is forced to award him his pound of flesh. "But," says Portia, "in the cutting it, if thou dost shed one drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate unto the state of Venice."

Portia has saved Antonio's life.

THE QUALITY OF MERCY

TYPE: DIDACTIC

The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle dew from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest:
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The thronéd monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthronéd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Mercy cannot be shown or given in part or in measure. It comes, like the rain from heaven,

as a gift of God. Like the rain, its quality and volume cannot be altered one iota by man. Showing mercy confers a blessing upon two people at least—the one who receives and he who shows or gives mercy.

Of all influences or forces the power of mercy is “mightiest in the mightiest.” To the medieval person the king or monarch appeared to be the most powerful person. Portia maintains that mercy is the greatest asset of a king and that it can work a greater good in his kingdom than any display of pomp or majesty. Mercy is a greater agency than the sword or scepter, because mercy has its root in the human heart, and is, therefore, more truly a part of the king.

To be merciful is to be like God, for God is merciful. When a king tempers his power and acts with mercy, then is his kingdom like God’s. To show justice is the duty of the king; when he is merciful as well as just toward his people, he uses his power as God uses His in heaven.

Scepter—an ornamental staff used as a sign of command or authority.

Temporal power—power on earth—as a king’s control over his people in ancient times.

Attribute—a characteristic, a distinct mark.

THE DAFFODILS

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

The daffodils, of which the poet writes in these verses, were seen by him in the spring of 1804, during a walk in the woods near Gowbarrow Park, with his sister, Dorothy. Their home was at Grasmere, in the beautiful "lake region" of England, and this "host of golden daffodils" bloomed on the shore of Ullswater.

Dorothy Wordsworth, who also was a lover of the poetry of nature, says in her journal of their daily life:

In the woods we saw a few daffodils close to the water-side. We fancied that the sea had floated the seeds ashore, and that the little colony had so sprung up. But as we went along there were more and yet more; and at last under the boughs of the trees we saw that there was a long belt of them along the shore. . . . I never saw daffodils so beautiful . . . they tossed and reeled and danced as if they verily laughed with the wind that blew upon them over the lake.

THE DAFFODILS

TYPE: LYRIC

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;

Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee;
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company;
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

The poem can easily be divided into two parts.

1. The description of the field of daffodils
(Stanzas 1, 2, 3).

2. The permanent effect that such a beautiful sight has upon the one who understands and appreciates nature (Stanza 4).

Stanza 1.—Evidently the poet was depressed and downcast. Suddenly his attention is focused upon the daffodils growing beside the lake.

Stanza 2.—A picture of what the poet sees as he stands there looking over the field of daffodils.

Stanza 3.—The effect upon the poet. The gay, dancing flowers made him cheerful. He became happy and gay. He had no idea, however, of the great joy and value this scene was to have for him.

Stanza 4.—This contains the lesson of the poem. It tells of the great value natural beauty holds for the naturalist. Whenever the nature lover is witnessing reverses and bad luck, he can easily overcome his depression by the mental image of loveliness and the joy and comfort which a scene of beauty has given his heart and soul.

The two lines (said by some critics to be the best):

“They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude”

were contributed by Mrs. Wordsworth.

Host—a great number.

Milky way—a path in the sky composed of innumerable stars, which are so distant, that separately they cannot be seen by the human eye.

Sprightly—a very descriptive word. In this connection it conveys the idea that each flower held a little spirit or fairy that softly danced with the breeze.

Jocund—merry, happy, gay.

Show—sight, scene.

Vacant—with no conscious, fixed thought in mind.

Pensive—thoughtful, thinking intently upon some problem.

Inward eye—deeper consciousness, inner feeling.

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CHILD'S EVENING HYMN

REV. SABINE BARING-GOULD

The good minister who wrote this hymn wrote also the marching song, *Onward, Christian Soldiers*, for his Sunday-school to sing as they marched from one village to another, to meet a second Sunday-school.

Both hymns were written in the same year, 1865. It is likely that this *Evening Hymn* was written for the same Sunday-school,—perhaps for its closing hymn.

CHILD'S EVENING HYMN *

TYPE: LYRIC (SONG)

Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh;
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

* Musical setting by Joseph Barnby, in *Assembly Songs, Book of a Thousand Songs, Golden Book, Most Popular Songs, Songs the Children Love to Sing*.

Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep,
Birds, and beasts, and flowers,
Soon will be asleep.

Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose:
With Thy tend'rest blessing
May mine eyelids close.

Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

Through the long night watches
May Thine Angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

—REV. SABINE BARING-GOULD.

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS

CLEMENT C. MOORE

TYPE: SHORT, IMAGINATIVE, NARRATIVE POEM.

In Holland, Santa Claus is still called St. Nicholas, or Saint Klaus. Instead of hanging their stockings by the chimney, on Christmas Eve, the children put their shoes on the doorstep. St. Nicholas goes about in a pony-sleigh, and as soon as the children hear the jingling bells and prancing feet pass on, they hurry out to see what the Saint has left them. The good children find their shoes full of candy, with perhaps a few shining pieces of money scattered in. But the naughty boy finds nothing but a switch. St. Nicholas does not fill the shoes of good and bad alike.

This poem was written at Christmas time, for his children, by Professor Clement Moore, a Greek and Latin scholar. He lived in old Chelsea Village, now a part of New York City, near West 23rd Street.

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through
the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;

The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In the hope that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap;
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash:—
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave the luster of mid-day to objects below,—
When what to my wondering eyes should appear
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by
name:
“Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer! and
Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donner and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall,
Now, dash away! dash away! dash away all!”
As dry leaves before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,

So up to the house-top the coursers they flew
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each tiny hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and
soot;

A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes—how they twinkled! his dimples how
merry!

His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew, like the down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
“Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night.”

—CLEMENT C. MOORE.

Kerchief—a linen or silk covering for the head, a night-cap.

Miniature—very small, tiny.

Courser—a fleet, spirited horse.

Elf—a fairy; often used to mean a mischievous little person.

THE GREAT, WIDE, BEAUTIFUL WORLD

WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS (LILLIPUT LEVEE)

“Let us look about us, now this very minute, at the World, and what we see in a single day. Look at the thousands and millions of trees, which made Luther say when he was looking out of a window at a forest, ‘What a quantity of wood the dear Lord God has to make!’ And think of the grass, with more blades in a small field than you could count in a year, even if you could keep them separate to your mind and fingers as you went along; and remember that this green grass grows like a carpet all around

the world, with red and white and blue flowers for a pattern; though there are some places, such as deserts, which are bald, and have no grass, and a great many places where there are streets and houses instead. Recollect how many rivers and ponds there are, and how the beautiful, wonderful water is in almost every place that you can think of. Then think of the thousands and millions of men and women and children there are: white men, black men, red men, brown men. Think of the different sorts of food they eat, and the different things they fight with, and the different ways in which they make their shelter from the weather. Some eat rice, and some eat meat, and some eat fish, and nearly all eat bread. Some live in tents, some live in brick houses, some live in wooden houses, some live in mud houses and some live nearly always in boats. Some fight with daggers, some with guns, some with bows and arrows, and some with tomahawks. Then think of all the shops, and the places where people make things, and the churches and other places where they go to say their prayers. Then you can think of all the fires the people light all over the world to sit by and to cook their food by, and all the fish going about the sea and the rivers, whales

and sharks, and salmon, and trout; and all the coaches and carts, and the reading and the writing, and the sitting down and standing up, and shaking hands, and the rubbing of noses (for that is the way in which some savages make friends with each other), and all the mothers kissing their little boys and girls, and the fathers working, and the beautiful wind blowing, and all the different goings on. Now you will have to shut your eyes, I dare say, to be able to think of some of these things; but when you have done it as well as you can, you will have thought of the meaning of the word, 'world.' "

From *Lilliput Lectures*, by W. B. Rands.

THE WONDERFUL WORLD *

TYPE: LYRIC

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world,
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast,—
World, you are beautifully dressed!

* Musical setting by Cornelia Roeske, in *Song Echoes from Child Land*.

The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree,
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.

You friendly Earth, how far do you go,
With the wheat-fields that nod, and the rivers that
 flow,
With cities and gardens, and cliffs and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles?

Ah, you are so great, and I am so small,
I hardly can think of you, World, at all;
And yet, when I said my prayers to-day,
A whisper within me seemed to say,
“You are more than the Earth, though you are such
 a dot,
You can love and think, and the Earth cannot!”

—WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDB.

THE LAMPLIGHTER

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

“Leerie, Leerie, light the lamps,” sing the
children in Scotland when the lamplighter
comes down the street. Five-year-old Louis
Stevenson felt sure that nothing could be pleas-

anter than to carry around a spark of fire, and light the lamps from street to street.

Every night, standing at the window, he watched for "Leerie," singing over and over again the little verse. Then as the lamplighter came to the lamp before the door, Louis would wave his hands, and rattle on the window, until the man looked up and nodded to him. That was all. "Leerie" would go on to the next lamp, and Louis would go to bed happy, looking forward to the time when he would be old enough to light the lamps, and be called by the lovely name of "Leerie."

THE LAMPLIGHTER

TYPE: LYRIC

My tea is nearly ready and the sun has left the sky;
It's time to take the window to see Leerie going by;
For every night at tea-time and before you take your
 seat,
With lantern and with ladder he comes posting up
 the street.

Now Tom would be a driver and Maria go to sea,
And my papa's a banker and as rich as he can be;

But I, when I am stronger and can choose what I'm
to do,
O Leerie, I'll go round at night and light the lamps
with you!

For we are very lucky, with a lamp before the door,
And Leerie stops to light it as he lights so many
more;
And O, before you hurry by with ladder and with
light,
O Leerie, see a little child and nod to him to-night!

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

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WHICH LOVED BEST

JOY ALLISON

Julia was sure she had gone to bed in her own white little cot. She knew it, because her mother had been called away before she had time to tuck her in. Bob had called up the stairway, "Oh, mother, come quick; I've cut my finger awfully," and mother had just kissed her, and gone, without tucking her in, or telling a story, or anything, as usual. Julia had tucked herself in, as well as she could, but she did wish

Bob had cut his finger at any other time; and she did think mother might have waited a moment. How much did her mother love her? she wondered.

Yes, she had certainly gone to bed. But here she was, walking in such a queer country. Broken playthings lay around. Little girls were hugging headless or armless dolls, or clumsily mending torn dresses. Little boys were black and blue and scratched and torn, but no one seemed to have tied up their cuts, or plastered their scratches, or mended their stocking-knees. And they were all so dirty! They ought to have been perfectly happy, but they did not look so. Julia could not help thinking of a forlorn little cat she had once found.

"What place is this?" asked she of one of the boys.

"This is the Wrong Side of the World," he answered. "Children come here who think their mothers don't love them. My mother wouldn't give me three pieces of chocolate cake for supper. I've been here for two months now. Of course, I have a pretend-mother, and she lets me have all the cake I want. But I don't care much for cake now, since it made me

so sick. I'm going to the Other Side of the World just as soon as the boat sails."

"What do the pretend-mothers do?" asked Julia.

The little boy laughed and began jeeringly to sing:

"Pretend-mothers say they love you,
And they let you play all day;
But when you get in trouble,
They turn the other way.

"Jack bruised his knee all black and blue,
'Twas scraped right through the stocking,
'I love you, dear,' said mother, then,
And calmly kept on rocking.

" 'I love you,' mother said to Jean,
Who tore her party dress,
But she didn't help Jean mend it,—
In spite of her distress.

"When Maudie dropped her brand-new doll,
'I love you,' mother said,
But she didn't stop Maud's crying,
Or mend the broken head.

“Pretend-mothers say they love you,
But they never cure a cut,
Or mend, or paste, or fix, or sew,
They say they love you, but——”

“That’s the kind of place it is,” he interrupted himself. “I’m not going to stay any longer. At first, I thought it was nice to do as I pleased, but I was sick so often, and hurt myself so much that I don’t like it after all. Besides I want a new kite, and I know my mother will help me make it. The pretend-mother I have here won’t do anything for me, at all.

“I’m going straight back, now,” said Julia.

“You’d better,” said he, “go back to the Mother Side of the World. I’m going, too. Good-bye.”

He disappeared. Julia opened her eyes. The lamp was still burning, and her mother was stooping over her bed, tucking her in.

“Oh, mother,” she exclaimed, “I’ve had such a queer dream; and oh, how much you love me.”

WHICH LOVED BEST

TYPE: LYRIC

"I love you, mother," said little John;
Then, forgetting his work, his cap went on,
And he was off to the garden swing,
And left her the water and wood to bring.

"I love you, mother," said rosy Nell,
"I love you better than tongue can tell;"
Then she teased and pouted full half the day,
Till her mother rejoiced when she went to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan,
"To-day I'll help you all I can;
How glad I am that school doesn't keep!"
So she rocked the babe till it fell asleep.

Then, stepping softly, she brought the broom,
And swept the floor, and tidied the room;
Busy and happy all day was she,—
Helpful and cheerful as child can be.

"I love you, mother," again they said,—
Three little children going to bed;
How do you think that mother guessed
Which of them really loved her best?

—JOY ALLISON.

SEVEN TIMES ONE

JEAN INGELOW

The little seven-year-old in the poem was perhaps Jean Ingelow herself, for she, as a country-child, liked to run off alone to talk to the birds and flowers. Once she found twenty-seven kinds of flowers without leaving her seat in the grass. There are five kinds in these birthday verses.

She understood bird-language, and knew what the birds said to each other. She knew, too, where to look for all the nests, and was careful never to touch the babies or frighten the mother-birds.

Every winter, she fed the birds near her home by filling walnut-shells with suet, and hanging them on the bushes. Thus she kept her feathered friends the whole year round, for birds fly south for food rather than for warmth.

All country children can find the flowers and birds where Jean Ingelow found them,—in woods and fields. City children are not so rich, but they have vacations, or fresh-air weeks in summer; and in the libraries, if not in their

homes, are beautiful books of bird- and plant-lore, with wonderful pictures, colored from life. These can be studied, in fair weather or foul, and when vacation-time comes, one needs no introduction to Miss Jennie Wren, or Mr. Cock Robin. If someone has been kind enough to put a little kodak in the lunch-box, many a shy singer or comical family group can be "snapped," to add to one's own "nature-book."

SEVEN TIMES ONE *

TYPE: LYRIC

There's no dew left on the daisies and clover;
There's no rain left in heaven;
I've said my "seven times" over and over
Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old, I can write a letter;
My birthday lessons are done;
The lambs play always; they know no better;
They are only one times one.

* Musical setting, Anonymous, in *Franklin Square Song Collection*.

O moon! in the night I have seen you sailing
And shining so round and low;
You were bright! ah, bright, but your light is fail-
ing—
You are nothing now but a bow.

You moon, have you done something wrong in
heaven,
That God has hidden your face?
I hope, if you have, you will soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow,
You've powdered your legs with gold!
O brave marsh marybuds, rich and yellow!
Give me your money to hold!

O columbine, open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell;
O cuckoopint, toll me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell!

And show me your nest with the young ones in it;
I will not steal them away;
I am old! you may trust me, linnet, linnet—
I am seven times one to-day.

—JEAN INGELow.

FRIENDS

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

A Child was working in the Garden of the World. Carefully he planted the tiny seeds in the soft earth, some in rows, some in circles, some scattered about. Then came Love, the Gardener, who had spaded up the ground, and made the beds ready for the planting.

"We must ask the Great Friends to help us now," said Love, "the Great Friends, Sun and Wind and Rain and Sky. If they do not help us, our garden will fail."

The Child looked toward the bright afternoon sun, and cried, "Dear Friend Sun, please help us with our Garden. Shine gently upon it, warm the little seeds, and help make them grow and blossom."

And then he called to the Rain to fall tenderly upon the earth, to moisten the seeds without washing them away, and to help make them grow and blossom.

Then as the wind came stealing over the grass, the Child asked him to blow carefully upon the tender growing things that were to come, and help make them grow and blossom.

Last of all, the Child turned his face up to the Great Friend, Sky, high above the Sun and Rain and Wind. "Only smile, dear Friend Sky," said the Child, "smile upon my Garden, and help it to grow and blossom."

And in the days that came after, the Garden grew and budded and blossomed, and bore fruit, for it was loved by the four Great Friends, without whose help nothing may grow in the Garden of the World.

FRIENDS

TYPE: LYRIC

How good to lie a little while
And look up through the tree!
The Sky is like a kind big smile
Bent sweetly over me.

The Sunshine flickers through the lace
Of leaves above my head,
And kisses me upon the face
Like Mother, before bed.

The Wind comes stealing o'er the grass
To whisper pretty things,
And though I cannot see him pass,
I feel his careful wings.

So many gentle Friends are near
Whom one can scarcely see,
A child should never feel a fear,
Wherever he may be.

From *A Pocketful of Posies*.

—ABBIE FARWELL BROWN.

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Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers.*

THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM *

DAVID

TYPE: PASTORAL

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

* Musical setting by Mendelssohn, in *New Educational Music Course, Fifth Reader*.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

“The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.” All that follows is that thought put in varying light.

“He maketh me to lie down in green pastures”; nourishment, rest. “He leadeth me beside the still waters”; refreshment. You think here of quietly flowing streams, and get only another picture of rest. But streams are few in that shepherd country, and the shepherds do not rely on them. To the shepherd, “the still waters” are wells and cisterns, and he leads his sheep to these still waters not for rest, but to bring up water to quench their thirst.

“He restoreth my soul.” “Soul” means the life or one’s self, in the Hebrew writings. There are private fields and gardens and vineyards in the shepherd country, and if a sheep strays into them and be caught there, it is forfeited to the owner of the land. So, “He restoreth my soul” means “the shepherd brings me back and rescues my life from forbidden and fatal places.”

“He leadeth me in the paths of righteous-

ness for his name's sake"; often have I roamed through the shepherd country in my youth, and watched how hard it is to choose the right path for the sheep; one leads to a precipice, another to a place where the sheep cannot find the way back; and the shepherd was always going ahead, "leading" them in the right paths, proud of his good name as a shepherd.

Some paths that are right paths still lead through places that have deadly perils. "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death" is the way the psalm touches this fact in shepherd life. I remember one valley called "the valley of robbers" and another "the ravine of the raven." You see "the valley of the shadow of death" is a name drawn from my country's old custom. And so is the phrase "Thy rod and thy staff," for the shepherds carry a weapon for defense and one for guidance. Ah, you should see the sheep cuddle near the shepherd to understand the words, "They comfort me."

"Thou preparest a table before me—in the presence of mine enemies." There is no higher task of the shepherd in my country than to go from time to time to study places and examine the grass and find a good and safe feeding place

for his sheep. There are many poisonous plants in the grass, and the shepherd must find and avoid them. Then there are snake holes, and the snakes bite the noses of the sheep if they be not driven away. And around the feeding-ground which the shepherd thus prepares, in holes and caves in the hillsides, there are jackals, wolves, hyenas, and tigers, too, and the bravery and skill of the shepherd are at the highest point in closing up these dens with stones or slaying the wild beasts with his long-bladed knife. Of nothing do you hear shepherds boasting more proudly than of their achievements in this part of their care of flocks.

Now the psalm closes with the last scene of the day. At the door of the sheep-fold the shepherd stands, and "the rodding of the sheep" takes place. The shepherd stands, turning his body to let the sheep pass; he is the door, as Christ said of Himself. With his rod he holds back the sheep while he inspects them one by one as they pass into the fold. He has the horn filled with olive oil and he has cedar-tar, and he anoints a knee bruised on the rocks or a side scratched by thorns. And here comes one that is not bruised, but is simply worn and ex-

hausted; he bathes its face and head with the refreshing olive-oil and he takes the large two-handled cup, and dips it brimming full from the vessel of water provided for that purpose, and he lets the weary sheep drink. "He anointeth my head with oil, my cup runneth over."

And then when the day is done, and the sheep are snug within the fold, what contentment, what rest under the starry sky! Then comes the thought of deepest repose and comfort: "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life," as they have through all the wanderings of the day now ended.

And the song ends, and the sheep are at rest, safe in the good shepherd's fold; "I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

From Wm. Allen Knight's *The Song of Our Syrian Guest*.

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HIAWATHA

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

In the Indian legend, Hiawatha was sent by the Great Spirit to teach the arts of peace to his people. Many tribes told this tale of their wonderful hero, and Longfellow has put into

verse the stories told by the Ojibway Indians, on the southern shore of Lake Superior.

It is interesting to know that the Ojibways, who still live by Lake Superior, love so well Longfellow's story of their great leader that they act the poem every year on the shore of the Lake. They rehearse for a long time beforehand, and great crowds go to see the play.

HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD

TYPE: EPIC

There the wrinkled, old Nokomis
Nursed the little Hiawatha,
Rocked him in his linden cradle,
Bedded soft in moss and rushes,
Safely bound with reindeer sinews;
Stilled his fretful wail by saying,
"Hush! the Naked Bear will hear thee!"
Lulled him into slumber, singing,
"Ewa-yea! my little owlet!"
Who is this, that lights the wigwam?
With his great eyes lights the wigwam?
Ewa-yea! my little owlet!"
Many things Nokomis taught him
Of the stars that shine in heaven;

Showed him Ishkoodah, the comet,
Ishkoodah, with fiery tresses ;
Showed the Death-Dance of the spirits,
Warriors with their plumes and war-clubs,
Flaring far away to northward
In the frosty nights of Winter ;
Showed the broad, white road in heaven,
Pathway of the ghosts, the shadows,
Running straight across the heavens,
Crowded with the ghosts, the shadows.

At the door on summer evenings
Sat the little Hiawatha ;
Heard the whispering of the pine-trees,
Heard the lapping of the waters,
Sounds of music, words of wonder ;
"Minne-wawa !" said the pine-trees,
"Mudway-aushka !" said the water.

Saw the firefly, Wah-wah-taysee,
Flitting through the dusk of evening,
With the twinkle of its candle
Lighting up the brakes and bushes,
And he sang the song of children,
Sang the song Nokomis taught him ;
"Wah-wah-taysee, little fire-fly,
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
Little, dancing white-fire creature,
Light me with your little candle,

Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!"

Saw the moon rise from the water
Rippling, rounding from the water,
Saw the flecks and shadows on it,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:

"Once a warrior, very angry,
Seized his grandmother, and threw her
Up into the sky at midnight;
Right against the moon he threw her;
'Tis her body that you see there."

Saw the rainbow in the heaven,
In the eastern sky, the rainbow,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"'Tis the heaven of flowers you see there;
All the wild-flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us."

When he heard the owls at midnight,
Hooting, laughing in the forest,
"What is that?" he cried in terror;
"What is that?" he said, "Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"That is but the owl and owlet,

Talking in their native language,
Talking, scolding at each other."

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in Summer,
Where they hid themselves in Winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

—HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

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Mifflin Company.*

Nokomis—grandmother.

Hiawatha—the wise man; the teacher.

Linden—a tree of soft, white wood.

Sinews—muscular fibers or cords.

Ewa yea—lullaby.

Ishkoodah—a comet—a heavenly body, like a star with a flaming tail of light.

The Death-Dance of the spirits—the Northern Lights.

The broad, white road—the Milky Way.

Minne-wawa—a pleasant sound, as that of the wind in the trees.

Mudwau-aushka—the sound of waves on the shore.

Wah-wah-taysee—the firefly.

Lodges—Usually, Indian huts or tepees of bark, skins, and poles. Here, the dens or houses built by beavers of trees (gnawed down by themselves), driftwood, mud and stones.

THE 121ST PSALM

The fifteen Psalms beginning with the 120th and ending with the 135th are called "The Pilgrim Psalter." "These songs are lyrics of wonderful power and grace. It was the custom of the [Jewish] people to sing them on their journeys up to the great religious festivals held in Jerusalem. Imagine a caravan of people coming from the north country, picking up their relatives and neighbors in the villages through which they went, camping out by the wayside

over night, and singing their national hymns by the camp-fires. As the Judean hills came closer, and Mount Zion burst upon their view, they would break out with such a song as this.

In their journeying they would know the need of a firm foot for climbing, of protection as they slept, of a merciful Providence that would keep them both from sunstroke by day and from moonstroke, or the lunacy or epilepsy that they believed came often from sleeping in the moonlight. They looked to Jehovah to keep them from all evil."

From *Geographic Influences in Old Testament Masterpieces*, by Laura H. Wild. Used by permission of Ginn & Company, publishers.

THE 121ST PSALM

TYPE: PASTORAL

I will lift up mine eyes unto the mountains:
From whence shall my help come?
My help cometh from Jehovah,
Who made heaven and earth.
He will not suffer thy foot to be moved:
He that keepeth thee will not slumber.
Behold, he that keepeth Israel
Will neither slumber nor sleep.

Jehovah is thy keeper:
Jehovah is thy shade upon thy right hand.
The sun shall not smite thee by day,
Nor the moon by night.
Jehovah will keep thee from all evil;
He will keep thy soul.
Jehovah will keep thy going out and thy coming in
From this time forth and for evermore.

Jehovah—God.

Israel—an ancient country, whose people were called “the chosen of God.”

Shade—a protection from the sun,—much needed in Judea.

Going out and coming in—refers to the daily travels, the departure for and return from the day’s work.

THE MILLER OF DEE

CHARLES MACKAY

King Henry the Eighth, of England, was very popular as a young man, and was called “bluff King Hal” from his hearty way of talking. It is said that he often went out in disguise, in search of adventure, and many amusing stories were told of his encounters with people who

would have been terrified had they known that he was the king.

Once, for instance, he scraped acquaintance with a cobbler, and spent an evening with him, chatting, drinking, and singing. The cobbler was delighted with his new acquaintance, and gladly accepted an invitation to visit him.

"I have a position at the court," said the disguised king. "So just ask for Harry Tudor. They all know me."

In a short time, the cobbler went to make his visit. The king had given orders to his servants, and as soon as the visitor asked for Harry Tudor, they led him to the king, whom he found in robes of state, surrounded by lords and ladies, all in splendid attire. The poor cobbler, bowing low, and hardly daring to raise his eyes from the floor, explained that he had only come to see his friend, Harry Tudor.

"You shall see your friend," said the king, and ordered the cobbler to be taken to Harry Tudor's room.

A few moments later, Harry Tudor, dressed as at their first meeting, entered the room, and gave the cobbler a hearty welcome. The cobbler, at once, began to tell him of the king's kindness to him. In the midst of the story, in

came the courtiers once more, each one bowing low before Harry Tudor.

The poor cobbler stared with all his eyes, and then fell on his knees. "Forgive me, your majesty," he cried, "forgive me for making so free."

But the king only laughed, saying that he was Harry Tudor, as well as King of England, and the cobbler's very good friend. The poor fellow could not respond to the laugh, however, and so the king let him go home, still full of awe, but proud and happy. Nor did King Henry's friendship stop here. To the day of his death, the cobbler received forty marks a year from the royal treasury, and was admired and looked up to by all his neighbors, as the friend of the king.

THE MILLER OF DEE *

TYPE: LYRIC

There dwelt a miller, hale and bold,
Beside the river Dee;
He worked and sang from morn to night,
No lark more blithe than he;

* Musical setting, Anonymous, in *Academy Song Book*, *Book of a Thousand Songs*, Franklin Square Song Collection, No. 2; *Golden Book*.

And this the burden of his song
For ever used to be,—
“I envy nobody, no, not I,
And nobody envies me!”

“Thou’rt wrong, my friend!” said old king Hal,
“Thou’rt wrong as wrong can be;
For could my heart be light as thine,
I’d gladly change with thee.
And tell me now what makes thee sing
With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, though I’m the king,
Beside the river Dee?”

The miller smiled and doff’d his cap;
“I earn my bread,” quoth he;
“I love my wife, I love my friends,
I love my children three;
I owe no penny I can not pay;—
I thank the river Dee,
That turns the mill that grinds the corn,
That feeds my babes and me.”

“Good friend!” said Hal, and sigh’d the while,
“Farewell; and happy be;
But say no more, if thou’dst be true,
That no one envies thee.

Thy mealy cap is worth my crown,—
Thy mill, my kingdom's fee!
Such men as thou are England's boast,
O miller of the Dee!"

—CHARLES MACKAY.

Mark—an old English coin worth about \$3.25.

Hale—healthy.

Blithe—happy.

Dee—a river in Northwest England.

King Hal—King Henry of England.

Mealy cap—the miller's cap is usually covered with the fine flour.

Fee—the king's income or wealth.

England's boast—the type of manhood England is proud of.

THE SANDPIPER

CELIA LAUGHTON THAXTER (MRS. LEVI THAXTER)

The daughter of a lighthouse-keeper, Celia Thaxter lived nearly all her life on one of the Isles of Shoals, off the coast of New Hampshire. As a bare-footed little girl, playing on the beach, she was the friend of all the birds of the island, she was familiar with every look which the ocean might wear, she knew the signs of storm

or clear weather; for the home fire she gathered driftwood which the sea tossed upon the sand, and altogether led a most delightful out-door life. Of this happy existence she has told us much in her poems, and in her book, *Among the Isles of Shoals*. In this book she says:

The sandpipers build in numbers on the islands, and the young birds, which look like tiny tufts of fog, run about among the bayberry bushes, with sweet, scared piping. They are exquisitely beautiful and delicate, covered with a down just like gray mist; with brilliant black eyes and slender, graceful legs, that make one think of grass-stems.

These little sandpipers live on shell-fish, sand worms and fish eggs, and other food which may be left on the beach by the waves. To obtain this sea-fare, they follow each retreating wave even to the point where the next incoming wave seems ready to break and sweep them away. But exactly at this second, the sandpiper turns and scuds up the beach on his slim, stilt-like legs, just barely ahead of the water. If it *should* overtake him, his little wings lift him above the deluge, until the wave draws back, when he is again in its wake, searching for his dinner. Just before a storm, sandpipers are often seen running up and down the beach, as told here by the little girl of the lighthouse.

THE SANDPIPER

TYPE: LYRIC

Across the narrow beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I,
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered drift-wood, bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
Scud, black and swift, across the sky;
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
Stand out the white lighthouses high.
Almost as far as eye can reach
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach,
One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry;
He starts not at my fitful song,
Or flash of fluttering drapery.

He has no thought of any wrong;
He scans me with a fearless eye;
Stanch friends are we, well tried and strong,
The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night,
When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My drift-wood fire will burn so bright!
To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth
The tempest rushes through the sky;
For are we not God's children both,
Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

—CELIA THAXTER.

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Flit—skim rapidly over the surface of the earth, fly lightly.

Driftwood—wood deposited on the beach by the tide.

Sullen—somber or gray.

Close-reefed—sailors shorten sail before a storm by reefing to the boom or yard.

Starts—to show signs of fear or fright.

Wroth—angry, describing the tempest.

THE AMERICAN FLAG

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE

In March, 1819, a series of poems signed "Croaker and Co." began to appear in the *New York Evening Post*. They were amusing, they made fun of many well-known men and women; they jested on topics of the day. The little old New York of that time read them with delight, and wondered in vain who might be the author.

When the secret came out at last, the city knew that Fitz-Greene Halleck, later the author of *Marco Bozzaris*, and Joseph Rodman Drake, "the handsomest man in New York," had been thus amusing themselves.

One of the poems signed "Croaker and Co." was *The American Flag*, which appeared in the *Post* for May 29th, 1819, when Drake was only twenty-four years old. The last four lines, as he himself wrote them, were:

And fixed as yonder orb divine,
That saw thy bannered blaze unfurled,
Shall thy proud stars resplendent shine,
The guard and glory of the world.

Halleck thought these could be improved upon, and Drake willingly accepted his friend's suggestion of the four lines which we know.

THE AMERICAN FLAG *

TYPE: LYRIC—AN ANTHEM

When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldrick of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

* * * * *

Flag of the seas! on ocean's wave,
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,

* Musical setting by Arthur F. M. Custance, in *Songs of the Flag and Nation*.

And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye!

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven!
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?
—JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

Standard—flag.

Azure—clear sky-blue color.

Dyes—colors.

Milky baldric—the famous Milky Way in the sky.

Striped—made the stripes (of the flag).

His mansion in the sun—refers to the fact that the eagle builds his nest on the highest mountain-peaks.

Careering—moving swiftly forward.

Bellied sail—the full sail puffed up by a strong wind.

Reeling rack—refers to the heavy listing of a war vessel during a fight on a stormy sea.

To valor given—given as a reward for courage.

Welkin dome—the sky.

ROBIN HOOD

JOHN KEATS

Robin Hood was born at Locksly, in Nottingham County, England, about 1160. His real name was Robert Fitzooth, which was soon changed to Robin Hood, though he was sometimes called Locksly. In Sherwood Forest he made his home, with over a hundred comrades, all skilled in the use of bow and arrow. They lived by shooting the deer in the forest, and by robbing the rich of money or goods. Poor people, and those who were in trouble, were often helped by the outlaw, Robin Hood.

Dozens of songs and ballads tell the adventures of Robin Hood and his band of "merrie men." They are important characters in Scott's novel, *Ivanhoe*. Little John, George of

Green, Will Scarlet, Much the Miller's Son, Friar Tuck, and Allan-a-Dale, are most frequently mentioned.

ROBIN HOOD

TYPE: LESSER EPIC—BALLAD

No! those days are gone away,
And their hours are old and gray,
And their minutes buried all
Under the down-trodden pall
Of the leaves of many years;
Many times have winter's shears,
Frozen North, and chilling East,
Sounded tempests to the feast
Of the forest's whispering fleeces
Since men knew nor rents nor leases.

No, the bugle sounds no more,
And the twanging bow no more;
Silent is the ivory shrill,
Past the heath and up the hill;
There is no mid-forest laugh,
Whose lone Echo gives the half
To some wight amaz'd to hear
Jesting, deep in forest drear.

On the fairest time of June
You may go, with sun or moon,
Or the seven stars to light you,
Or the polar ray to right you;
But you never may behold
Little John, or Robin bold;
Never one, of all the clan
Thrumming on an empty can
Some old hunting ditty, while
He doth his green way beguile
To fair hostess Merriment,
Down beside the pasture Trent;
For he left the merry tale
Messenger for spicy ale.

Gone, the merry morris din;
Gone, the song of Gamelyn;
Gone, the toughbelted outlaw
Idling in the "grenè shawe"—
All are gone away and past!
And if Robin should be cast
Sudden from his turfed grave,
And if Marian should have
Once again her forest days,
She would weep, and he would craze;
He would swear, for all his oaks,
Fall'n beneath the dockyard strokes,

Have rotted on the briny seas;
She would weep that her wild bees
Sang not to her—strange! that honey
Can't be got without hard money!

So it is: yet let us sing,
Honor to the old bow-string!
Honor to the bugle-horn!
Honor to the woods unshorn!
Honor to the Lincoln green!
Honor to the archer keen!
Honor to tight Little John,
And the horse he rode upon!
Honor to bold Robin Hood,
Sleeping in the underwood!
Honor to Maid Marian,
And to all the Sherwood-clan!
Though their days have hurried by,
Let us two a burden try!

—JOHN KEATS.

Winter's shears—the two winter winds, the North and the East.

Forest's whispering fleeces—leaves of the forest.

Bugle—used for signalling by Robin Hood's band.

Ivory shrill—a whistle or fife.

Wight—person.

The seven stars—the Pleiades. In ancient times, navigation on the Mediterranean lasted from May to November—the time during which the Pleiades were visible in the sky.

The polar ray—the light of the pole-star, or star nearest the North Pole. It acts as a compass. How?

Pasture Trent—field beside the Trent river.

Morris—an old dance.

Gamelyn—one of the foresters.

“Grenè shawe”—the green forest.

Marian—Maid Marian, beloved by Robin Hood.

Dockyard strokes—many trees from Sherwood Forest were used in later years for building ships.

Woods unshorn—uncut forests.

Tight—trim or neat.

Burden—a refrain.

EXCELSIOR

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

One evening Longfellow picked up a scrap of newspaper bearing the seal of New York State

—a shield with a rising sun, and the word, “Excelsior.” That one word gave him an idea, and within a few days he had completed these verses. Some time afterward, in a letter to a friend, he wrote this explanation of the poem: “I have had the pleasure of receiving your note in regard to the poem, ‘Excelsior,’ and very willingly give you my intention in writing it. This was no more than to display, in a series of pictures, the life of a man of genius, resisting all temptations, laying aside all fears, heedless of all warnings, and pressing right on to accomplish his purpose. His motto is *Excelsior*, ‘higher.’ He passes through the Alpine village—through the rough, cold paths of the world—where the peasants cannot understand him, and where his watchword is an ‘unknown tongue.’ He disregards the happiness of domestic peace, and sees the glaciers—his fate—before him. He disregards the warnings of the old man’s wisdom and the fascinations of woman’s love. He answers to all, ‘higher yet.’ The monks of Saint Bernard are the representatives of religious forms and ceremonies, and with their oft-repeated prayer mingles the sound of his voice, telling them there is something higher than forms and ceremonies.

Filled with these aspirations he perishes, without having reached the perfection he longed for; and the voice in the air is the promise of immortality and progress ever upward."

From George Lowell Austin's *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*.

EXCELSIOR

TYPE: DIDACTIC

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
 Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
 Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
 Excelsior!

“Try not the pass,” the old man said;
“Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!”
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

“O stay,” the maiden said, “and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!”
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered with a sigh,
Excelsior!

“Beware the pine tree’s withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!”
This was the peasant’s last Good-night.
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveler, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,

Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior!

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

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Alpine village—a village in the Alps mountains.

Excelsior—a Latin word meaning “higher.”

Falchion—a broad bladed sword.

Spectral glaciers—the huge ice drifts looked ghastly.

Avalanche—great bodies of sliding ice and snow.

St. Bernard—the world famed monastery of the Alps.

Faithful hound—a St. Bernard dog. These animals are noted for the rescue and relief work they do in the Alps.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK

ALFRED TENNYSON

A poem of sixteen lines, and one of more than that number of pages can hardly be compared. It should be remembered, however, that these sixteen lovely lines express the same feeling of bereavement as the longer poem, *In Memoriam*, and spring from the same deep well of sorrow in the poet's heart.

Tennyson's dearest friend, Arthur Hallam, died suddenly in 1833. The poet's grief was for a long time too deep for words. After nine years, appeared this first brief expression of his sorrow. *In Memoriam* was printed in 1850, although it had been written in detached fragments at intervals throughout the entire seventeen years.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK *

TYPE: DRAMATIC LYRIC

Break, break, break,

On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!

And I would that my tongue could utter

The thoughts that arise in me.

* Musical setting by W. R. Dempster, in *Book of a Thousand Songs*, and *Our Familiar Songs*; by Georg Henschel, in *Songs from Tennyson*.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

The poet says his feeling is so deep and strong that words cannot express it. Are his emotions sad or happy? What two words of Stanza 1 answer this?

The fisherman's children ought to be gay while they have the chance, for they never can tell just when the sea will claim their father. The vessel returns to the harbor and to safety, but one of its crew is missing. No words can express how the lone wife or mother longs for the sound of the voice and the touch of the

hands of the one who has departed. The tragedy of the sea goes on forever. The sea claims its dead. They never return. Neither do the past joys which have been turned into sorrow.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Many names has the bobolink—reed-bird, rice-bird, butter-bird, skunk-bird—and still others, perhaps, in other tongues, for he passes the winters in Mexico, Central America, or even the northern part of South America. Early in the spring, small parties of bobolinks appear in the Southern States, flying North for summer. Coming from a land of summer all the year round; how can they know when to start North? Yet they do know, and are so regular, year after year, that one may nearly tell the day of the month by the coming of the bobolinks. They arrive in Georgia about the 20th of April; are in the District of Columbia from May 1st to 15th; reach Long Island, New York, about the 20th of May, and by the end of May are abundant in Middle New England.

All along their course they are hunted without mercy. In the South, they live almost en-

tirely on rice and grain. In the South, too, reed-birds are thought a delicious dish; so that between the farmer who protects his fields, and the pot-hunter, killing for the market or for his own dinner, the birds are shot by thousands every year, in the spring and fall.

In the North, there is a different story. They start South once more early in September, and during the three summer months, there is little grain that they care for, while other food is abundant. So they live during this time, and bring up their families, mostly on grasshoppers, crickets, and other insects, which would do much damage to fruit and grain if not destroyed. In the North, then, the bobolink is the farmer's friend, and only the few who kill for the love of killing would think of shooting the gay bird. The bobolinks know this very well. In the South, they keep as far as possible from men. In New England, they will perch on the garden fence, and sing as though certain of a friendly audience.

For his singing alone, the bobolink should be welcome in the North. No other bird has such a song, or can even imitate it. The mockingbird may give correctly the notes of every other bird in the field or orchard, but it is said

that he stops singing entirely, when the bobolink begins. In the spring the bobolink's song is like a burst of laughter, in which one can imagine all sorts of words, as Bryant does in our poem. You may perhaps hear him say, in the midst of his merriment: "*Be true to me, Clarsy; be true to me, Clarsy, Clarsy, Oh, kick your slipper, kick your slipper, Clarsy.*" Or, as Wilson Flagg quotes him:

Phew, phew, Wadolincon; see, see, Bobolincon,
Down among the tickletops, hiding in the buttercups!
I know the saucy chap; I see his shining cap
 Bobbing in the clover there—see, see, see!

Bryant gives us good natural history in *Robert of Lincoln*. In the springtime, the male bird's feathers are black and white; the rest of the year, mottled brown or brindle. He is showy and noisy, always singing and fluttering, trying to show off to his mate, and to everybody else. The female bird, modestly dressed in brown, sits quietly on her nest, hidden among the meadow grasses and pays little attention to her jolly husband. After the brood of young birds takes the place of the eggs, however, both Robert and Mrs. Robert work their hardest to feed them. Robert has no time for singing,

then. He loses his bright plumage, and becomes, as Bryant says, "a humdrum crone." Off he flies from the North, and in the next spring, "when he can pipe that merry strain again," he returns.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN *

TYPE: LYRIC

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name.
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is this nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed,
Wearing a bright, black wedding-coat;
White are his shoulders, and white his crest,
Hear him call in his merry note:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;

* Musical setting by William L. Glover, in *Songs of Happy Life*.

Look what a nice, new coat is mine;
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings;
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Brood, kind creature, you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
One weak chirp is her only note;
Braggart, and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man;
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can!
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight:

There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nice, good wife that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care,
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes; the children are grown;

Fun and frolic no more he knows;

Robert of Lincoln's a hum-drum crone;

Off he flies and we sing as he goes:

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,

Spink, spank, spink;

When you can pipe that merry old strain,

Robert of Lincoln, come back again.

Chee, chee, chee.

—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Mead—a meadow.

Crest—comb or tuft on the head of the bird.

Quaker wife—this refers to the brown plumage of the female.

Braggart—a vain boaster.

Crone—a wrinkled and withered old woman.

THE SANDS OF DEE

CHARLES KINGSLEY

Charles Kingsley, who wrote this song, describes in one of his books, the mouth of the River Dee, in the north of Wales, “a wild waste of tidal sands, with here and there a line of stake-nets fluttering in the wind—a grey shroud of rain sweeping up from the westward,

through which low red cliffs glowed dimly in the rays of the setting sun—a train of horses and cattle splashing slowly through shallow desolate pools and creeks, their wet, red, and black hides glittering on one long line of level light.”

He speaks of “wild stories of salmon-fishing and wild-fowl shooting at the mouth of the Dee—and then a tale of a girl, who, in bringing her father’s cattle home across the sands, had been caught by a sudden flow of the tide, and found next day a corpse hanging among the stake-nets far below.”

And this sad story of the drowned girl joined itself in his mind to a wild, plaintive melody which haunted him and rang in his ears until it shaped itself into a song.

THE SANDS OF DEE *

From *Alton Locke*

I

“O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home

* Musical setting by Francis Boott, in *Our Familiar Songs, Songs Every One Should Know*, and *Franklin Square Song Collection*, No. 7.

Across the sands of Dee";
The western wind was wild and dank wi' foam,
And all alone went she.

II

The western tide crept up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see.
The rolling mist came down and hid the land—
And never home came she.

III

"Oh, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
A tress of golden hair,
A drownéd maiden's hair
Above the nets at sea?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes on Dee."

IV

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel crawling foam,
The cruel hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea:
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
Across the sands of Dee!

—CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Dee—a river in Northwest England, famous for its salmon caught in the broad bay at the mouth of the river. It is a dangerous spot because of the high tides and the treacherous sand bars.

Dank—wet.

Tress—a lock of hair.

Fishermen are inclined to be superstitious. The natives of the northwest coast of England are accustomed to heavy fogs and wild storms. On such occasions they fancy they hear the girl still calling the cows on the banks of the Dee. The poet has very vividly told the story in the four verses of the poem. The situation has been described so clearly, that the poem appeals to feeling and emotion rather than reason.

THE INCHCAPE ROCK

ROBERT SOUTHEY

The Inchcape Rock or reef is about four hundred feet long and two hundred wide, and is about twelve feet under water at the ordinary height of spring tides. It is near one of the most frequented parts of the Scotch coast, and until a lighthouse was built upon it, was one of

the greatest dangers to be found in sailing the entire circuit of the British Isles.

“An old writer mentions a curious tradition which may be worth quoting. ‘By east the Isle of May,’ says he, ‘twelve miles from all land in the German seas, lyes a great hidden rock, called Inchcape, very dangerous for navigators, because it is overflowed everie tide. It is reported, in old times, upon the saide rock there was a bell, fixed upon a tree or timber, which rang continually, being moved by the sea, giving notice to the saylers of the danger. This bell or clocke was put there and maintained by the Abbot of Aberbrothok, and being taken down by a sea pirate, a yeare thereafter he perished upon the same rocke, with ship and goodes, in the righteous judgment of God.’ ”

Remarks on Scotland, Stoddard.

THE INCHCAPE ROCK

TYPE: DRAMATIC LYRIC

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was still as she could be;
Her sails from heaven received no motion;
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock,
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock ;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The good old Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that Bell on the Inchcape Rock ;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And o'er the waves its warning rung.

When the Rock was hid by the surge's swell,
The mariners heard the warning Bell,
And then they knew the perilous Rock,
And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The Sun in heaven was shining gay ;
All things were joyous on that day ;
The sea-birds screamed as they wheeled round,
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen,
A darker speck on the ocean green ;
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring;
It made him whistle, it made him sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float;
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the Bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sunk the Bell with a gurgling sound;
The bubbles rose and burst around;
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the Rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away;
He scoured the seas for many a day;
And now, grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky,
They cannot see the Sun on high;
The wind hath blown a gale all day;
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand;
So dark it is, they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising Moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar?
For methinks we should be near the shore."
"Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They hear no sound; the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock:
"O Christ! it is the Inchcape Rock!"

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,
He cursed himself in his despair:
The waves rush in every side;
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But, even in his dying fear,
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,—
A sound as if, with the Inchcape Bell,
The Devil below was ringing his knell.

—ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Buoy—a stationary float to guide navigation.

Joyance—rejoicing.

Scoured—to go over the sea carefully. Why did he do this?

LOCHINVAR

SIR WALTER SCOTT

As a result of the efforts of her greatest author, Scotland has been made a land of romance. Sir Walter Scott has pictured for us all the chivalry and daring of his people. Their customs, songs, struggles and hopes furnish him with his central theme.

In *Lochinvar* Scott has given us one of the popular legends of Scotland. In the young Lochinvar we have the spirit of the rugged Scots, those sturdy warriors who never gave in without first putting up a stiff resistance.

Accompanied by her harp, a lady at the court

of James IV of Scotland, sings this stirring ballad.

LOCHINVAR

From *Marmion*

SIR WALTER SCOTT

TYPE: DRAMATIC LYRIC

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the West,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none,
He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,
He swam the Eske River where ford there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late;
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and
all;
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)

“O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?”

“I long woo’d your daughter, my suit you denied;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland, more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar.”

The bride kiss’d the goblet: the knight took it up,
He quaff’d off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She look’d down to blush, and she look’d up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
“Now tread we a measure!” said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and
plume;
And the bride-maidens whisper’d, “ ’Twere better by
far,
To have match’d our fair cousin with young Loch-
invar.”

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reach'd the hall-door, and the charger
stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and
scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young
Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby
clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and
they ran;
There was racing and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?
—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Lochinvar—pronounced *Lok-in-var*.

Border—The districts in England and Scotland lying near the borderline.

Brake—ground overgrown with brakes and bushes.

Eske—a river which empties into Solway Firth.

Netherby—Netherby Castle, on the eastern bank of the Eske River, in Cumberland, England.

The Solway—the Solway Firth, an arm of the Irish Sea, noted for its high tides, which make the width of the Firth vary from a mile and a half to twenty-two miles.

Measure—a dance.

Galliard—A lively, old-fashioned dance.

Scaur—a steep, precipitous place.

Cannobie Lee—the Cannobie meadows near Netherby Castle.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER

Down in southern Florida a little river called the Swanee flows into the Gulf of Mexico. How did Stephen Foster, the writer of over 200 popular songs, happen to use this name in perhaps the most popular of all?

Foster visited his brother one day in 1851. "Morrison," he said, "I have a new song, and I want the name of a Southern river in two syllables, to use in it."

His brother suggested Yazoo and Pedee, but Foster objected to both. Then Morrison took

down a map of the United States, and they looked it over.

Presently Morrison pointed at a little river in Florida.

“That’s it,” cried Stephen. “Listen,” and began to read,

“Way down upon de Swanee ribber,—Far, far away.”—

What if he had chosen Yazoo, or Pedee, for his *Old Folks at Home*?

See *Famous American Songs*, Gustav Kobbé.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME *

TYPE: LYRIC (SONG)

Way down upon de Swanee ribber,
Far, far away,
Dere’s wha my heart is turning ebber,
Dere’s wha de old folks stay.
All up and down the whole creation,
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de old folks at home.

* Musieal setting by Stephen Foster, in *Assembly Songs*, *Book of a Thousand Songs*, *Golden Book*, *Most Popular Home Songs*, *Most Popular Songs of Patriotism*, *Our Familiar Songs*, *Riverside Song Book*, *Songs the Children Love to Sing*, *Willis Collection*, No. 41.

CHORUS

All de world am sad and dreary,
Eberywhere I roam,
Oh! darkeys, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home.

All round de little farm I wander'd,
When I was young,
Den many happy days I squander'd,
Many de songs I sung.
When I was playing wid my brudder,
Happy was I;
Oh! take me to my kind old mudder!
Dere let me live and die. *Chorus.*

One little hut among de bushes,
One dat I love,
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
No matter where I rove.
When will I see de bees a-humming
All round de comb?
When will I hear the banjo tumming,
Down in my good old home? *Chorus.*

—STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER.

All slaveholders were not cruel, nor were all
slaves unhappy. The loyalty of the black man

for his master was frequently caused by the care and attention the kind master gave to his helpless servant.

In this poem we have the love of the slave for the plantation, the only place where, as far as he was concerned, the whole world was to be found. Once taken from his kind master and his fellows the slave soon lost heart and life became a useless, meaningless existence.

The love of the slave for the plantation is not an exaggeration. In many cases this regard for the South as "the home-land" is cherished by many negroes to-day.

The poem should be presented and made familiar to every American school child as one of the greatest folk-songs of our country.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

Cardinal Newman wrote this hymn while becalmed for a week on an orange-boat in the Straits of Bonifacio, near the island of Corsica. He had been very ill in Sicily, and, though hardly able to travel, was on his way back to England. The poem was first published under the title, *The Pillar of the Cloud*, with this text:

“In the daytime He led them with a pillar of cloud, and all the night through with a pillar of fire.”

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT *

TYPE: LYRIC (HYMN)

Lead, kindly Light amid th' encireling gloom,
 Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
 Lead Thou me on;
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou
 Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
 Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years.

So long Thy Power hath blest me, sure it still
 Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone,

* Musical setting by Rev. J. B. Dykes, in *Academy Song Book*, *Assembly Songs*, *Book of a Thousand Songs*, *Franklin Square Song Collection*, No. 1; *Golden Book*, *Most Popular Home Songs*, *Willis Collection*, No. 41.

And with the morn, those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!

—JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

Garish day—days of self-satisfaction, conceit, vanity.

Moor and fen—waste land and marshes.

In middle life, Cardinal Newman doubted very much the correctness of his own beliefs. After a long struggle he took a great step in his life by leaving the Established Church of England and joining the Roman Catholic Church. In this important decision he chose as his adviser God, who, for him, had been “Kindly Light.”

THE LAST LEAF

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Dr. Holmes says of this poem: “It was suggested by the sight of a figure well known to Bostonians (in 1831 or 1832), that of Major Thomas Melville, ‘the last of the cocked hats,’ as he was sometimes called. The Major had been a personable young man, very evidently, and retained evidence of it in

The monumental pomp of age,—

which had something imposing and something odd about it for youthful eyes like mine. He was often pointed at as one of the 'Indians' of the famous 'Boston Tea-Party' of 1774. His aspect among the crowds of a later generation reminded me of a withered leaf which has held to its stem through the storms of autumn and winter, and finds itself still clinging to its bough while the new growths of spring are bursting their buds and spreading their foliage all around it. I make this explanation for the benefit of those who have been puzzled by the lines,

The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring."

In 1894 Holmes wrote to his publishers, who were then issuing an illustrated and decorated edition of *The Last Leaf*,

"I have lasted long enough to serve as an illustration of my own poem. I am one of the very last of the leaves which still cling to the bough of life that budded in the spring of the nineteenth century. The days of my years are three-score and twenty, and I am almost half way up the steep incline which leads me toward

the base of the new century so near to which I have already climbed.

“I am pleased to find that this poem, carrying with it the marks of having been written in the jocund morning of life, is still read and cared for. It was with a smile on my lips that I wrote it; I cannot read it without a sigh of tender remembrance.”

From Introduction to Cambridge Edition of Holmes's Works, 1895.

THE LAST LEAF

TYPE: DRAMATIC LYRIC

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement-stones resound
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
 Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
 “‘They are gone.’”

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
 In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
 On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady, she is dead
 Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
 In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
 Like a staff.
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
 In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here,
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

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Pruning knife of Time—a pruning knife is used to cut off diseased and useless branches, twigs, etc. Here, time is represented as slowly taking away from a man certain opportunities, activities, etc.

Crier—in colonial times it was a custom for the authorities to appoint a crier in each settlement. The crier announced all the important events and the commands or local laws which the people were to obey.

Mossy marbles—tombstones or slabs.

Roman nose—like the beak of an eagle.

Crook—curve, the old man is bent over with age.

Three-cornered hat and breeches—costume of colonial days.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

CHARLES WOLFE

In the year 1808, the Emperor Napoleon of France seized the kingdoms of Portugal and Spain. The Spanish patriots called upon England for help, which was promptly given. Thus began the Peninsular War, which was, at first, disastrous to the English. Sir John Moore, commanding the English forces in Spain, was forced to retreat, in the dead of winter, through mountain passes, to the coast. Thousands of men fell by the way, and froze to death or died of exhaustion. Those who reached the shore, however, defeated the French in the battle of Corunna, January 16th, 1809, and were thus enabled to embark safely for England, although with the loss of their leader.

The officers of his staff buried him at day-break in a hastily dug grave on a bastion of the

citadel of Corunna. The troops were embarking during the night, and this being discovered by the French, they opened fire upon the ships. The brief funeral service was thus spoken under fire of the guns, and the grave was left entirely unmarked. Soon afterwards, however, a monument was erected over it by Marshal Ney. Upon this tomb is the following inscription:

JOHN MOORE
LEADER OF THE ENGLISH ARMIES
SLAIN IN BATTLE, 1809

BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

TYPE: DRAMATIC LYRIC

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his
head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

—CHARLES WOLFE.

Corse—corpse.

Martial cloak—military uniform.

But half means “scarcely half” or “only half.”

Gory—red or stained with his blood.

FAREWELL TO ALL MY GREATNESS

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

In the historical play, *King Henry VIII*, this is Cardinal Wolsey’s soliloquy, after he has lost the king’s favor. The son of a butcher, but possessed of amazing talent and energy, Wolsey rose to be Lord Chancellor of England, and one of the most powerful of all the Cardinals, even aspiring to the Papal throne. But at the very height of his glory, King Henry accidentally discovered an inventory of Wolsey’s wealth, and found it much too vast for a humble subject. Accused of falsehood and extortion, and of usurping the King’s authority, Wolsey was immediately stripped of his honors, his wealth and the King’s affection. He died soon afterward of a broken heart and disappointed ambition.

It is thought by many critics that this pas-

sage was written by John Fletcher, who collaborated with Shakespeare in writing a number of plays, and, almost certainly, wrote several scenes of this.

FAREWELL TO ALL MY GREATNESS

TYPE: SOLILOQUY

Farewell! a long farewell to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And when he thinks, good, easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new open'd. O how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,

The sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have:
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Subject of *nips* is frost.

Lucifer—Satan.

This soliloquy is meant especially for Cromwell, Wolsey's successor, who a short time later suffered the same fate as that of fallen Wolsey. Evidently the advice given in these lines was not heeded.

In a very striking manner Wolsey comments upon the folly of ambition and the ease with which a man's plans may be destroyed. Pride and ambition have caused Wolsey's downfall. The favor of a prince, the applause of the mob, the pomp and splendor of greatness, position and influence are great uncertainties. More commonly they lead to disaster rather than success. After you have been completely repudiated by the king and the mob, your downfall is as complete as was Lucifer's when he was hurled from the battlements of Heaven.

PROSPICE

ROBERT BROWNING

Browning's wife, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, died in 1861. It was the great grief and lasting sorrow of the poet's life. A year later, he wrote *Prospice*, one of the very few poems in which he expresses his own feelings or personality.

No two poets could be more unlike than Browning and Longfellow. But Longfellow's *A Psalm of Life*, written several years after the death of his own wife, shows that they were alike in one thing, at least,—the power to bear sorrow bravely, and even to snatch from it greater strength for troubles which might yet come.

PROSPICE

TYPE: DRAMATIC

Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,

The power of the night, the press of the storm,
 The post of the foe;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
 Yet the strong man must go:
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
 And the barriers fall,
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
 The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
 The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
 And bade me creep past.
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers,
 The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
 Of pain, darkness and cold.
For sudden the worse turns the best to the brave,
 The black minute's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
 Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
 Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
 And with God be the rest!

—ROBERT BROWNING.

Prospice—look forward.

The Arch Fear—Death.

Guerdon—an honorable reward, reward for valor.

Arrears—the full cost or price of life.

Elements—the powers of nature.

The last few lines refer to the poet's wife.

CROSSING THE BAR

ALFRED TENNYSON

Tennyson's first verses were written on a slate when he was only four or five years old. At the age of twelve, he composed an "epic poem" of six thousand words. At eighty-three, he was still writing, the mind of the old man as clear and as full of fancy as that of the boy had been.

His long life was filled with many alternations of joy and sorrow. The death of friends, the loss of fortune, the failure of health, the ten-years' delay of his marriage on account of poverty, gave him full understanding of human life and suffering. In 1850, when he was nearly forty-one years old, he was married to Miss Emily Sellwood, of whom he said afterward:

“The peace of God came into my life before the altar, when I wedded her.” With her, he passed many happy years in their beautiful home at Farringford, on the Isle of Wight.

Tennyson was eighty-one years old when he wrote *Crossing the Bar*. He was returning home from the mainland with his son, across the strait that separates the Isle of Wight from the South Shore of England. It must have been at the turn of the tide,—that magic moment when the booming of the waves ceases, the moaning of the bar is stilled, and the heaving surface of the sea lies, for a brief interval, level and mirror-like as the glassy waters of an inland lake. Sunset,—evening star,—a distant bell—and in a moment those four lovely verses formed in the mind of the old poet, serene and confident, facing death as he faced the sunset.

This was really his farewell to the world, though he lived two years longer, until October, 1892. A few days before his death, he charged his son to be sure to put *Crossing the Bar* at the end of every edition of his poems. This request has been faithfully obeyed.

CROSSING THE BAR *

TYPE: LYRIC (SONG)

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

—ALFRED TENNYSON.

* Musical setting by Alice R. Fish, in *Assembly Songs*.

Bar—a bank, usually of sand, at the entrance to a harbor.

Bourne—boundary, limits.

Pilot—God.

There is no doubt but that Tennyson considered this poem to be the summary of all his philosophy of life, death and God. At a time when the religious beliefs of the leading nations of the civilized world were being shaken by the marvelous discoveries of science, it meant much to a great thinker to hold fast to his faith in a world of spirit.

It is very interesting to note that Tennyson makes use of the sea to express this faith. Tennyson loved the sea, though for him it meant sorrow and uncertain voyages to far-off ports. The sea stood for power,—not only the fearful might of the ocean in a raging storm, but the steady silent power of the tide as it slowly drew away from the shore.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS

ROBERT BURNS

This is one of the many old Scotch songs which Burns remade for the *Scots Musical Museum*. When a verse or a line of the original

was poor, he wrote a better one; if only a fragment of a song was known, he used that fragment to set the meter, and wrote what was needed to complete it.

In every case, he fitted the new verses to the old so well that nobody can tell which is the work of Burns, unless Burns himself gives the clue. Of this song, he says: "The first half-stanza is old; the rest mine."

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS

TYPE: LYRIC

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birth-place of valour, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I rove.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

—ROBERT BURNS.

Strath—open valley, generally a river course.
Roe—a small deer.

NATHAN HALE

In September, 1776, after the retreat from Long Island, Washington needed exact information concerning the British army, and its fortifications in and near New York.

Nathan Hale, of Coventry, Connecticut,—only twenty-one years old, but a graduate of Yale College, and a captain in the American army, volunteered to secure the needed information. Disguised as a schoolmaster, he entered the English lines by a roundabout way, noted the fortifications, learned much of the strength and plans of the British, and was on his way back to the American headquarters when he was recognized by a former acquaintance, an English sympathizer, and betrayed.

He was taken prisoner, and, without trial, was hanged as a spy on the following day.

For over a hundred years, it was supposed that Hale was executed in the present City Hall Park, New York City, and the statue by MacMonnies in his honor was accordingly erected there. Within a very few years, however, some old documents of the English army came to light, in England, and among them was the order for the execution of Nathan Hale. This paper shows that the true place of his death was another little park, nearly three miles farther north, near the East River.

Great buildings now cover the site of this park; but on one of these, a bronze tablet bears this inscription:

NEAR THIS SITE
NATHAN HALE
CAPTAIN IN THE CONTINENTAL ARMY
WHO WAS APPREHENDED WITHIN THE
BRITISH LINES
WHILE SEEKING INFORMATION FOR
WASHINGTON
WAS EXECUTED
22 SEPTEMBER 1776
HIS LAST WORDS WERE
"I ONLY REGRET THAT I HAVE BUT ONE
LIFE TO GIVE FOR
MY COUNTRY"

Erected 1915

NATHAN HALE

TYPE: LYRIC

To drum-beat and heart-beat,
A soldier marches by:
There is color in his cheek,
There is courage in his eye:
Yet to drum-beat and heart-beat,
In a moment he must die.

By star-light and moon-light,
He seeks the Briton's camp;
He hears the rustling flag,
And the armèd sentry's tramp;
And the star-light and moon-light
His silent wanderings lamp.

With slow tread and still tread
He scans the tented line;
And he counts the battery guns
By the gaunt and shadowy pine,
And his slow tread and still tread
Gives no warning sign.

The dark wave, the plumed wave,—
 It meets his eager glance,
And it sparkles 'neath the stars,
 Like the glimmer of a lance;
A dark wave, a plumed wave
 On an emerald expanse.

A sharp clang, a steel clang,
 And terror in the sound!—
For the sentry, falcon-eyed,
 In the camp a spy hath found!
With a sharp clang, a steel clang,
 The patriot is bound.

With calm brow, steady brow,
 He listens to his doom.
In his look there is no fear,
 Nor a shadow-trace of gloom,
But with calm brow, and steady brow
 He robes him for the tomb;

In the long night, the still night,
 He kneels upon the sod,
And the brutal guards withhold
 E'en the solemn Word of God!—
In the long night, the still night
 He walks where Christ hath trod.

'Neath the blue morn, the sunny morn,
He dies upon the tree!
And he mourns that he can lose
But one life for Liberty:—
And in the blue morn, the sunny morn,
His spirit-wings are free.

From Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf,
From monument and urn,
The sad of Earth, the glad of Heaven
His tragic fate shall learn,
And on Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf
The name of HALE shall burn!

—FRANCIS M. FINCH.

** Printed by permission of Henry Holt and Company, publishers of the poems of Francis Miles Finch.*

Emerald expanse.—the ocean.

Word of God—the Bible, which was refused Hale.

Urn—a receptacle shaped somewhat like a vase, resting on a foot or pedestal. In ancient times an urn frequently served the same purpose as a monument. The story of a hero was set forth upon it in pictures and chiseled characters.

THE SEA

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER (BARRY CORNWALL)

Talking of the ocean with Barry Cornwall one day, he revealed this curious fact: although he is the author of one of the most striking and popular sea-songs in the language, *The Sea, the Sea, the open Sea*, he said he had rarely been upon the tossing element, having a great fear of being made ill by it. I think he told me that he had never dared to cross the Channel even, and so had never seen Paris. He said that, like many others, he delighted to gaze upon the waters from a safe place on land, but had a horror of living on it, even for a few hours. I recalled to his recollection his own lines:

I'm on the Sea! I'm on the Sea!

I am where I would ever be,—

and he shook his head, and laughingly declared that I must have misquoted his words, or that Dibdin had written the piece, and put Barry Cornwall's signature to it.

From James T. Fields' *Yesterdays with Authors*.

THE SEA *

TYPE: LYRIC

The Sea, the Sea, the open Sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free,
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round.
It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies,
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the Sea! I'm on the Sea!
I am where I would ever be,
With the blue above and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go.
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter! I shall ride and sleep.

I love, Oh, how I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide!
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the sou'west blast doth blow!

* Musical setting by Sigismond Neukomm, in *Familiar Songs* and *Franklin Square Song Collection*, No. 8.

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest:
And a mother she was, and is to me,
For I was born on the open sea.

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the Ocean child.

I have lived, since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend, and a power to range,
But never have sought or sighed for change:
And Death, whenever he come to me,
Shall come on the wide, unbounded sea.

—BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.

Bound—boundary or limit.

Mad wave drowns the moon—during a furious storm the waters will shoot high up in the air, shutting off the sight of the moon.

Dolphin—a large ocean fish.

Power to range—ability to travel from place to place.

Barry Cornwall's poem, *The Sea*, was first brought to public notice by Henry Phillips, a well-known singer of seventy years ago. Of the poem and its musical setting, Mr. Phillips says, in his *Recollections*:

Neukomm [a composer of music for popular songs] sent me a note saying he had composed a song for me—would I go to his apartments and hear it? I accordingly went: he sat down to his pianoforte, and played, and in his way, sang the song. I was unable to make any remark upon it; for I was anything but pleased; and I candidly confess I thought he had written it to insult me. I brought the manuscript home, and on singing it over, was strengthened in my former opinion. I felt, however, that I was bound to sing it; I could not refuse his offer. So it was scored for the opera, and I was to introduce it at a grand morning concert, given by Nicholson at the Italian Opera Concert-Room [London]. I went, very downcast, and felt assured that I should be hissed out of the orchestra. The orchestra led off with the long symphony which precedes the air. In an instant, I heard the master-hand over the score; I felt suddenly inspired, sang it with all my energy, and gained a vociferous encore. The whole conversation of the day was the magnificent song I had just sung.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER

The Old Kentucky Home was the real home of Foster's relative, John Rowan, Judge and U. S. Senator, of Bardstown, Kentucky. Ac-

According to the story, Foster and his sister were visiting the Rowan family. They were sitting on the veranda one beautiful summer morning. The sun shone bright; the happy children frolicked in the grass; the sound of laughter came from the field; a mocking-bird and a thrush sang near by.

The whole scene is described by Foster in the song which he composed then and there, both words and music. His sister watched him eagerly, and when he had written the first verse, she seized the paper from his hand, and sang it through, the birds trilling an accompaniment.

See *Favorite American Songs*, Gustav Kobbé.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME *

TYPE: LYRIC (FOLK-SONG)

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home;
'T is summer, the darkies are gay;
The corn-top's ripe, and the meadow's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day.

* Musical setting by Stephen Foster, in *Assembly Songs, Book of a Thousand Songs, Golden Book, Most Popular Home Songs, Most Popular Songs of Patriotism, Our Familiar Songs, Willis Collection, No. 41.*

The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright;
By'n-by, hard times comes a-knocking at the door;—
Then, my old Kentucky home, good night!

CHORUS.

Weep no more, my lady,
O, weep no more to-day!
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For the old Kentucky home, far away.

They hunt no more for the 'possum and the coon,
On the meadow, the hill, and the shore;
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the old cabin door.
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow where all was delight;
The time has come when the darkies have to part:—
Then, my old Kentucky home, good night!

CHORUS.

The head must bow, and the back will have to bend,
Wherever the darkey may go;
A few more days, and the trouble all will end,
In the field where the sugar-canes grow;

A few more days for to tote the weary load,—
No matter, 'twill never be light;
A few more days till we totter on the road;—
Then, my old Kentucky home, good night!

CHORUS.

—STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER.

Meadow's in the bloom—refers probably to the cotton blossoms.

'Possum and the coon—two animals, the opossum and the racoon, commonly hunted in the South.

Tote—carry.

Through the poem runs an air of sadness and sorrow. For the slave there can be little more than a life of toil and the weary load to be carried, “wherever the darkey may go.” There is no future, no hope; life is merely existing.

The poem gives quite impressively the human side of slavery from the slaves' point of view.

BREATHES THERE THE MAN

SIR WALTER SCOTT

These lines are found in Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, a weird tale of goblin and wizard,

supposed to be sung by a wandering old Minstrel.

The last of all the Bards was he,
Who sung of Border chivalry:
No longer courted and caressed,
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
A wandering Harper, scorn'd and poor,
He begged his bread from door to door.

A kindly duchess whose roof has sheltered him against the storm, consents to hear him sing, in return for her hospitality. Astonished at the unexpected vigor and beauty of his performance, she asks him why he wanders in Scotland, when the more wealthy Southern Land (England) "would well requite his skilful hand." To the question the old Minstrel replies with these stirring lines, followed by another verse full of love for his native Scotland, "Caledonia stern and wild."

BREATHES THERE THE MAN

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!

Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no Minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonor'd, and unsung.

—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Strand—shore or country.

Pelf—ill-gotten wealth.

Doubly dying—why does he die twice?

OPPORTUNITY

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

Almost every one has said to himself now and then, "Ah, if I but had that man's wealth, or that other's learning, or so-and-so's width of experience or wealth of opportunity or endowment of ability,—ah, then what would I not do for the service of God and the blessing of men; what could I not have of joy and peace for myself; what could I not be to the world, to God, and myself? But with my narrow and meager life, with my small capacity, with my little opportunity, with my contracted environment, with my one talent, what can be expected of me?" But it is the coward's excuse. For whatever we have not, we always have God and our own souls. However our lives may seem shut in outwardly on every side, they can always be open inwardly and upwardly. And the narrowness that confines our opportunity may but intensify our personality, if we will have it so.

When Moses was called to his great task, he pleaded as excuse his lack of equipment. And God asked him, "What is that in thy hands?"

(It was only a shepherd's crook.) "Take that, for with that thou shalt do wonders." So God says to you and to me, "Take what thou hast of means, of opportunity, of ability, and be and do what thou canst." And with Him we can do and be all that He means us to do and be. For it is men that count, and not things, in God's warfare.

*From A Valid Christianity for To-Day, Charles D. Williams.
By permission of the author, Bishop Charles D. Williams.*

OPPORTUNITY

TYPE: DIDACTIC

This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream:—
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain,
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.
A craven hung along the battle's edge
And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel,
That blue blade that the king's son bears,—but this
Blunt thing." He snapt and flung it from his hand,
And lowering crept away and left the field.
Then came the king's son, wounded, sore-bested

And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with battle-shout
Lifted afresh, he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

—EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

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Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers.*

Craven—coward.

Blue blade—a sword made of the finest
wrought steel.

AULD LANG SYNE

ROBERT BURNS

This is one of the many old Scotch songs which Burns rewrote, and saved from being forgotten. Before his time there were several poems with this name, one at least dating back to 1660. Two verses of the song as we know it, the second and the third, were entirely written by Burns. The other three were taken from one of the old songs, but retouched by him.

AULD LANG SYNE *

TYPE: LYRIC

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min' ?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne ?

CHORUS.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
Sin auld lang syne. *Chorus.*

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
From mornin' sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin auld lang syne. *Chorus.*

* Musical setting, *Old Scotch Air*, in *Academy Song Book*, *Assembly Songs*, *Book of a Thousand Songs*, *The Golden Book*, *Most Popular Home Songs*, *Most Popular Songs of Patriotism*, *Our Familiar Songs*, *Songs the Children Love to Sing*, *Willis Collection*, No. 41.

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak a right guid willie-waught,
For auld lang syne. *Chorus.*

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne. *Chorus.*

—ROBERT BURNS.

Auld lang syne—literally, *old long since*—
long ago.

Twa—two, or both of us.

Braes—hillsides.

Pu'd the gowans—pulled daisies.

Sin—since.

Paidl't i' the burn—paddled in the brook.

Dine—dinner-time.

Braid—broad.

Fiere—friend.

Pint-stowp—a two-quart measure.

Tak a guid willie-waught—take a friendly
drink, a hearty draught.

A MUSICAL NOTE

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

A MUSICAL NOTE

Many of the poems contained in this book have been set to music. A number of musical collections, containing these poems with their settings and the names of the composers, are given below, the basis of selection being sometimes the number of wished-for songs found in a single volume; sometimes the fact that a particular song could be found only in one volume. Under the name of each collection is given the list of poems found therein. In the body of the book, under the name of each poem set to music, is given the name or names of the collections in which it may be found.

ACADEMY SONG-BOOK, compiled by Charles H. Livermore, pub. by Ginn & Co., Boston, 1898; contains:

A Man's a Man for a' That. Anonymous.

America. Henry Carey.

Auld Lang Syne. *Scotch Air*.

En Voyage. Anonymous.

Farewell, A. Horatio C. King.

Lead, Kindly Light. Rev. J. B. Dykes.

Miller of the Dee. Anonymous.

My Heart's in the Highlands. *Old Scotch Air*.

O Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean. Thomas A. Becket.

Spacious Firmament, The. Arr. for the work.

Star Spangled Banner, The. *Anacreon in Heaven*.

ASSEMBLY SONGS, compiled by George H. Gertlan, pub. by Hinds, Hayden & Eldredge, New York, 1920; contains:

America. Henry Carey.
 Auld Lang Syne. *Old Scotch Air*.
 Blue and the Gray, The. Roys Bridgman.
 Child's Evening Hymn. Joseph Barnby.
 Crossing the Bar. Alice R. Fish.
 Lead, Lindly Light. Rev. J. B. Dykes.
 O Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean. Thomas A Becket.
 Old Oaken Bucket, The. A. G. Kiallmark.
 Old Folks at Home. Stephen Foster.
 My Old Kentucky Home. Stephen Foster.
 Star-Spangled Banner, The. *Anacreon in Heaven*.

BOOK OF A THOUSAND SONGS, edited by Albert Wier; pub. by World Syndicate Company, New York, 1918; contains:

America. Henry Carey.
 Auld Lang Syne. *Old Scotch Air*.
 Break, Break, Break. W. R. Dempster.
 Child's Evening Hymn (Now the Day is Over). Joseph Barnby.
 Lead, Kindly Light. Rev. J. B. Dykes.
 My Heart's in the Highlands. *Scotch Air*.
 Miller of Dee, The. Anonymous.
 My Old Kentucky Home. Stephen Foster.
 Old Folks at Home. Stephen Foster.
 Old Oaken Bucket, The. A. G. Kiallmark.
 O Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean. Thomas A Becket.
 Spacious Firmament on High, The. Joseph Haydn.
 Star-Spangled Banner, The. *Anacreon in Heaven*.
 Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star. Anonymous.
 Woodman, Spare that Tree. Henry Russell.

CHILD'S SONG TREASURY, music composed by Mary B. Ehrman; pub. by W. H. Willis Co., 20 Adams St., Chicago; contains:

All Things Bright and Beautiful.
 To a Child (A Farewell).
 The First Snowfall.

FIFTY SHAKESPEARE SONGS, edited by Charles Vincent; pub. by Oliver Ditson Co., Boston, 1906; contains:

Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind. William A. Fisher.
Under the Greenwood Tree. Carl Busch.

FRANKLIN SQUARE SONG COLLECTION, American Book Company, New York; published in serial numbers; contains:

America. Henry Carey, in No. 1.
A Man's a Man for a' That. *Scotch Air*, in No. 6.
Lead, Kindly Light. Rev. J. B. Dykes, in No. 1.
Miller of Dee, The. Anonymous in No. 2.
My Heart's in the Highlands. *Scotch Air*, in No. 1.
Old Oaken Bucket, The. A. G. Kiallmark, in No. 1.
Old Oaken Bucket, The. Robert A. Smith, in No. 4.
O Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean. Thomas A Becket.
in No. 1.
Sands of Dee, The. Francis Boott, in No. 7.
Seven Times One. Anonymous, in No. 2.
Sea, The. Sigismond Neukomm, in No. 8.
Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star. Anonymous, in No. 1.
Woodman, Spare that Tree. Henry Russell, in Nos. 3
and 6.

GOLDEN BOOK OF FAVORITE SONGS (paper, 15c.), compiled by N. H. Aitch; ed. by Hall & McCreary, Chicago, 1915; contains:

Auld Lang Syne. *Scotch Air*.
Lead, Kindly Light. Rev. J. B. Dykes.
Miller of Dee, The. Anonymous.
Now the Day is Over (Child's Evening Hymn). Joseph Barnby.
O Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean. Thomas A Becket.
Old Oaken Bucket, The. A. G. Kiallmark.
Old Folks at Home, The. Stephen Foster.
Old Kentucky Home. Stephen Foster.
Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star. Anonymous.
Woodman, Spare that Tree. Henry Russell.

MOST POPULAR HOME SONGS; selected and arranged by Gilbert C. Noble; published by Hinds, Hayden & Eldredge, New York.

America. Henry Carey.

Auld Lang Syne. *Scotch Air*.

Lead, Kindly Light. Rev. J. B. Dykes.

My Old Kentucky Home. Stephen Foster.

Now the Day is Over (Child's Evening Hymn). Joseph Barnby.

O Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean. Thomas A Becket.

Old Folks at Home, The. Stephen Foster.

Old Oaken Bucket, The. A. G. Kiallmark.

Star Spangled Banner, The. *Anacreon in Heaven*.

MOST POPULAR SONGS OF PATRIOTISM, published by Hinds, Hayden & Eldredge, New York.

America. James J. McCabe (new setting).

Auld Lang Syne. *Scotch Air*.

Old Folks at Home. Stephen Foster.

Old Kentucky Home. Stephen Foster.

Old Ironsides. William Lardner.

Old Oaken Bucket, The. A. G. Kiallmark.

O Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean. Thomas A Becket.

Star Spangled Banner. Samuel Arnold.

OUR FAMILIAR SONGS, edited by Helen K. Johnson; pub. by H. M. Caldwell Company, New York; contains:

America. Henry Carey.

Arrow and the Song, The. Michael W. Balfe.

Auld Lang Syne. *Scotch Air*.

Break, Break, Break. William P. Dempster.

Man's a Man for a' That, A. *Scotch Air*.

My Heart's in the Highlands. *Scotch Air*.

Old Folks at Home, The. Stephen Foster.

My Old Kentucky Home. Stephen Foster.

Old Oaken Bucket, The. A. G. Kiallmark.

Sands of Dee, The. Francis Boott.

Sea, The. Sigismond Neukomm.

Star Spangled Banner, The. Samuel Arnold.
Woodman, Spare that Tree. Henry Russell.
Ye Mariners of England. John W. Calcott.

RIVERSIDE SONG BOOK, compiled by W. M. Lawrence and O. Blackman, pub. by Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, Mass., 1893; contains:

America. Henry Carey.
Columbus. *German Air*.
Concord Hymn. Ludwig Von Beethoven.
Dutch Lullaby, A. A. G. Kiallmark.
O Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean. 'Thomas A Becket.
O Captain, My Captain. C. M. Wyman.
Old Ironsides. *Andreas Hofer*, a German air.
Old Folks at Home. Stephen Foster.
Old Oaken Bucket, The. *Araby's Daughter*, A. G. Kiallmark.
..
Star Spangled Banner. Samuel Arnold.
Woodman, Spare that Tree. Johann A. Hiller.

SONG ECHOES FROM CHILD LAND, compiled by Harriet S. Jenks and Mabel Rust; pub. by Oliver Ditson Co., Boston, 1896; contains:

Great, Wide Beautiful World. Cornelia Roeske.
Spring. Edmund Sawyer.
The Wind. F. D. Allen.

SONGS AND GAMES FOR LITTLE ONES, by Gertrude Walker and Harriet Jenks, pub. by Oliver Ditson Co., Boston, 1887; contains:

Spring. Hermann Strachauer.
Thanksgiving Day. Margaret Bradford Morton.
Tiny Little Snow-Flakes. Daniel Batchellor.
Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star. Gertrude Walker.

SONGS OF HAPPY LIFE, compiled by Sarah J. Eddy, pub. by Silver, Burdett & Co., New York, Boston, Chicago, 1901; contains:

Robert of Lincoln. William L. Glover.

SONGS FROM THE PUBLISHED WRITINGS OF ALFRED TENNYSON, edited by W. G. Cusins, pub. by C. Kegan Paul & Co., 1 Paternoster Sq., London; contains:

Break, Break, Break. Georg Henschel.

Bugle Song. Sir Herbert Oakeley.

SONGS OF THE FLAG AND NATION, compiled and edited by Walter Howe Jones, pub. by Hinds, Hayden & Eldredge, New York.

America. Henry Carey.

American Flag, The. Arthur F. M. Custance.

Blue and the Gray, The. Roys Bridgman.

Concord Hymn. Ludwig Von Beethoven.

O Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean. Thomas A Becket.

Star Spangled Banner, The. Samuel Arnold.

SONGS THE CHILDREN LOVE TO SING, compiled by Albert E. Wier, pub. by D. Appleton & Co., 1916; contains:

America. Henry Carey.

Auld Lang Syne. *Scotch Air*.

Now the Day is Over (Child's Evening Hymn). Joseph Barnby.

Old Oaken Bucket, The. Anonymous.

Old Folks at Home. Stephen Foster.

Star Spangled Banner, The. Samuel Arnold.

Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star. Anonymous.

Woodman, Spare that Tree. Henry Russell.

WILLIS COLLECTION OF SUPPLEMENTARY POEMS for Public Schools, 2c. per number, edited by Walter H. Aiken, copyright, 1901-1916, by Geo. B. Jennings Co., Cincinnati, Ohio; contains:

America. Henry Carey, No. 41.

Auld Lang Syne. *Scotch Air*, No. 41.

How Doth the Little Busy Bee. Anonymous, No. 85.

Lead, Kindly Light. Rev. J. B. Dykes, No. 41.

O Captain, My Captain. Anonymous, in No. 99.

Old Folks at Home. Stephen Foster, in No. 41.

Old Kentucky Home. Stephen Foster, in No. 41.

Recessional. W. H. Aiken, in No. 159.

Star Spangled Banner. Samuel Arnold, in No. 41.

Wind, The. W. H. Aiken, in No. 70.

The Chambered Nautilus has been set to music as a cantata for women's voices, by Mrs. H. H. A. Beach. It is published by Arthur P. Schmidt, 120 Boylston St., Boston, 1907.

Pictures are perhaps even more valuable than music in helping to make poems live in a child's mind. Accompanying several of the poems are references to famous pictures or statues, prints of which would be of value in teaching the poems.

These and other prints may be obtained from various sources, as, for instance: The Medici Society, 753 Boylston St., Boston, which publishes the Medici Prints of great paintings; Curtis & Cameron, of Boston, Mass., who make the Copley prints of well-known pictures. The cost of these last is fifty cents each, or more. The Medici Prints are more expensive.

Less expensive are the prints issued by the Mentor Association, at 116 East 16th St., New York City, which publishes each week a magazine on a special subject, containing six prints, accompanied with informing articles, usually by well-known writers. The cost of each magazine is only 35 cents, the prints are of good size, and many of the weekly issues would be of great value to the teacher. Numbers which would be especially useful for this volume are:

Mentor Number 2. Makers of American Poetry, including pictures of Bryant, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes, Longfellow, and Whitman.

Number 8. Pictures we Love to Live With, including Raphael's *Sistine Madonna*; Da Vinci's *Last Supper*; Botticelli's *Magnificat*; and Murillo's *Immaculate Conception*.

Number 10. Scotland, Land of Song and Scenery, including pictures of Robert Burns' Cottage, Abbotsford (home of Walter Scott), Stirling Castle, and Ellen's Isle.

Number 13. America in Pictures; The Discoverers, includ-

ing pictures of Columbus before Ferdinand and Isabella, Landing of Columbus, Columbus's flagship, the *Santa Maria*; De Soto at the Mississippi; Balboa and the Pacific; Last Voyage of Henry Hudson.

Number 32. Historic Spots of America, including pictures of Jamestown Tower, Plymouth Rock, Ticonderoga, Independence Hall, the Alamo, Gettysburg.

Number 42. Story of America in Pictures: The Revolution, including pictures of Battle of Lexington, Battle of Bunker Hill, Washington Crossing the Delaware, Signing of the Declaration, John Paul Jones on the *Bon Homme Richard*, the Birth of the Flag.

Number 43. Famous English Poets, including pictures of Byron, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, Wordsworth, Browning.

Number 52. Abraham Lincoln, including pictures of the Birthplace, the Lawyer, the President, the Bust of Lincoln by Gutzon Borglum, the First Reading of the Emancipation Proclamation, and the Memorial.

Number 53. George Washington, including Darley's picture of Washington Entering New York, November 25th, 1783; Rossiter and Mignon's picture of Washington and Lafayette at Mount Vernon, two pictures by Gilbert Stuart, the Washington Monument at Washington, and the Bust of Washington, by Houdon.

Number 66. William Shakespeare, including pictures of his Birthplace, the room in which he was born, the Shakespeare Room, Anne Hathaway's Cottage, the Avon, and Shakespeare's Grave.

Number 111. American Poets of the Soil, including pictures of Will Carleton, Joaquin Miller, Eugene Field, Edwin Markham, James Whitcomb Riley.

Number 145. The Story of Christmas, including prints of Correggio's *The Night*, Rubens' *Adoration of the Magi*, Hey's *Midnight Mass on Christmas Eve in Alsace*, Blashfield's *Christmas Bells*, and Gifford's *Hauling in the Christmas Tree*.

METHOD OF PRESENTATION

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS

It is very essential that each poem should be carefully read and studied in advance by the teacher as a necessary step in preparation for the recitation. The teacher, after reading the poem carefully to secure proper expression, should carefully study the interpretation of the poem and its natural division into thought units, the arrangement of the mental picture and images which she is to present to the pupils. She should also list the points for discussion—such as references, beauty of form or expression, etc. She should also have at her command a knowledge of the author and his work.

It is often desirable that the pupils make some advance preparation. A day or two in advance the theme of the poem can be introduced to the pupils by casual references and pictures, or by readings on a similar or related subject. In the case of older pupils, definite assignments as a part of advance preparation are valuable. These assignments may

include readings and references on the author and the poems. Pictures, stories or other supplementary data may be gathered by the pupils for use in recitation.

In every case, the teacher should come to class fully prepared, with all data available and with a clear idea as to just how the poem can be best presented and read. This is by no means a simple task.

The class room recitation

1. Introduction. Aim—appreciation and understanding. Read entire poem. This reading shall be brief, suggestive and not interpretative. This first step is not to be confined to teacher activity. In lower grades teacher should draw out the pupils to tell and discuss situations in their experience similar to those the poem suggests. In upper grades pupils may be questioned on material in connection with background, author, etc.

2. Presenting the whole. Aim—determine central theme and discuss it. In lower grades read with careful expression the entire poem. If necessary, reread. Few comments here are necessary. In upper grades a preliminary study, possibly as a home assignment, is desirable. The pupil might well read the poem through by himself; teacher may concern herself merely with a careful reading of the entire poem.

3. Study of the parts. In lower grades, present carefully the ideas as pictures to be observed or imagined. Make words familiar to child, better still a part of his usable vocabulary. Do not study lines, but groups of lines or phrases expressing an idea. In upper grades teacher and pupils are to analyze the poem together. Assigned reports may be given. A study of references, allusions, interpretations may be made. Study the arrangement of poem, note beauty. Develop discussion of these points, noting personal preferences; compare with similar poems, learn what is liked and disliked.

4. The new whole, the logical memorizing stage. Reread to younger children, emphasizing series and order of ideas and pictures. Also in upper grades, determine what pupils have gathered by previous discussion. The following aids to memorization are suggested:

Develop poem as series of mental pictures and ideas, rather than lines of words.

Use an outline. This gives vividly the thought connection. In lower grades, "key words," often the first word of each line, are a help.

If poem has been set to music, take advantage of song.

Rereading several times is especially helpful to little children.

5. To supplement the general suggestions here given, various special suggestions are given below

for many of the individual poems, the material for *The Star Spangled Banner* being especially full.

Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star. This poem has been set to music: hence can be classed as a lyric.

As a poem for memorization, little need be done by way of preparation. The poem should be discussed and thoroughly explained to the child. As an advance assignment just before introducing the poem, have pupils observe stars and heavens. In the course of this work, attention might be focused about the following questions:

Stanza 1. The sun and moon shine, and so do the stars, but there is a difference in the way they seem to shine. How have you seen the stars shine? Up there so high they shine like diamonds. How do diamonds shine?

Stanza 2. What gives light by day? Have you ever looked at it? Why does it "blaze"? Can you see stars twinkling when the sun is shining? Why not? When do stars shine?

Stanza 3. Why are the stars so bright in the "dark blue sky"? Do the stars shine every night? Have you seen the stars shining when the sun is up? Why do stars shut their eyes when the sun is in the sky?

Stanza 4. On dark nights, the moon does not shine. How do the little stars help? What can little stars do for people who must travel at

night? Do you know what the stars are? Does it make any difference? Why do you want the little stars to twinkle?

The Wind.

Approach to this poem can best be made by means of a discussion with children centering about questions as follows:

What have you seen the wind do?

Does the wind always do harmful things?

Where is the wind?

What do you think the wind is?

Can you see it? Can you hear it?

Does it push or call?

What kind of songs have you heard the wind sing?

Is the wind always cold and strong?

What makes the wind appear to be a beast or a stronger child?

Aim to have children read the poem and visualize each verse.

Oral repetition in unison, then by individuals will soon secure memorization. Aim for careful expression so that children will clearly picture to others the thought of the poem.

Tiny Little Snow-Flakes.

After reading poem, first aim to have pupils recall the falling of the snow in winter. If necessary have

individuals volunteer to give their experiences. Add some of your own personal ideas so that the mental picture is real and clear.

Follow this by a discussion centered about questions such as:

Where does the snow come from?

Have the snow-flakes made you think of angels? Why?

Have you noticed the snow falling on the walks (wooden, stone, grass)?

What does the snow do to the trees?

Have you thought of snow-flakes as cunning?

Why are they like busy little bees?

Spring.

Introduce this poem by a discussion of the seasons,—their characteristics, etc., as:

Summer—hot days, vacation, trips in country, berrying, fishing.

Autumn—the harvest, cool days and nights, dying things in nature, departure of birds, etc.

Winter—cold, severe weather,—snow and storms, long evenings, skating, sliding down hill.

Spring—warm, longer days, chance to get out again, the coming of birds, flowers, plants, etc.

Discuss the signs of the approach of spring.

Read the entire poem, showing how beautifully it describes what we have just said about spring. Center discussion about such questions as:

What is the alder? (If possible, have some in room; also, pussy willows and early flowers.)

What message does the pussy willow bring?

Why does the song of the bird sound sweeter in the spring?

What makes the children so happy?

Have you watched the green grass come creeping?

How many think the frog makes soft, sweet music?

What is columbine?

What else has scarlet color?

When do the daisies come?

Are there any other flowers beside dandelions that seem to shine?

Can you name other flowers that come with violet and clover?

NOTE: This poem fairly breathes joy and happiness. Make the children appreciate this, and express this feeling when reciting the poem.

Singing.

This little lyric seems to bring a two-fold message.

1. People, all the world over, are singing. It is natural for man to sing; all men, regardless of their station and lot, feel and employ the medium of song.

2. People always sing of those things that are next to their hearts and in their minds: the bird

sings of the little birdies who are soon to come ;
the sailor sings of ships and the seas.

These two ideas should be made known to the children, so that the poem has a meaning and message.

As a device to stimulate interest and observation in introducing the story or as an advance assignment, have pupils notice what kind of songs different people sing and, if possible, why they select these.

A Dutch Lullaby.

No doubt, Field intended that children should have the poem read, or possibly sung to them just before going to sleep, as this is a cradle song or lullaby.

This poem is first met in the reading class where it is introduced as a literary gem should be. It should be read through as a complete poem. Possibly two readings will make it more interesting. Then by questions referring to the poem a discussion is introduced somewhat as follows:

One night,—and it must have been at twilight,—the two little eyes and head of a little boy went off on a voyage. The voyage was taken in a little cradle bed. With the moon shining down upon them through the window, they started on their voyage in the land of dreams and shadows, that land which all children enter just as sleep is coming to overtake them.

This was to be a fishing trip, and since this is a Dutch tale, it is natural to think that the little fishermen were going to catch the herring fish. And these beautiful, little, silvery fish were the stars in the sky.

All night long they fished, but it seems they did not catch many fish. At least they had a beautiful sail, which lasted throughout the night. The sights they saw were so beautiful that they felt at times that they were dreaming, but it was all real.

And the best part of it all is this, that any little boy or girl can take that trip every night, if they will only tumble in their boat,—the cradle,—and sail off in the slumber sea of dreamland.

America.

It is not necessary or wise that this poem be dissected for little children. The spirit and the chief lesson of the lines can be easily introduced and explained. It would not be amiss in discussing this poem to emphasize the following:

That America is a land of liberty.

That we should be proud of this land of freedom and love it.

That America will be a free country and will prosper as long as we put our faith and trust in God, our protector.

The Barefoot Boy.

It is recommended that this poem be introduced by the teacher giving a very interesting account of

the life of the boy, Whittier, when he "was once a barefoot boy." Emphasize the pleasures and activities of the barefoot farmer boy. Follow this by reading the verse to the children. Follow this by a discussion centering about such thoughts as:

What makes the cheeks of tan?
Do boys wear turned-up pantaloons now?
Why does the barefoot boy whistle merry
tunes?
Why are his lips so red?
What does Whittier think of the barefoot
boy?
Of what does the boy make him think?

All pupils should be able to read the poem.

There is no reason why this poem should present any difficulty in memorization. Read other passages to the children.

Thanksgiving Day.

Introduce poem by discussion of Thanksgiving, reviewing the events of the first Thanksgiving, etc. Discuss the present value of Thanksgiving Day, its meaning to grown-up folks and what it usually holds for children. In all probability, children will think of the fine time and good things they have then. Enlarge upon this.

Read the entire poem, then arouse discussion by questions as:

Why do you think they're going to grandfather's?

How does it happen the horse does not lose the way?

What sort of a day is it?

How do you think the little folks in the sleigh feel?

Are they low-spirited because they are cold?

Why are they urging on the horse?

He is traveling along at a fair pace; why does he seem to go "extremely slow"?

What kind of fun do you have on Thanksgiving?

Emphasize the good cheer and joy that Thanksgiving holds for children, at the same time telling why we should feel so happy.

Daisies.

This is a little imaginative gem portraying child fancies. Picture the young child of the poem lying in his little bed gazing up dreamily at the stars which appear as the daisies of the sky; then upon waking to find the meadows white with what might be the daisies of the sky picked by Lady Moon and dropped by her to the fields below.

Provoke discussion by such questions as:

What is the child doing?

What does he see?

And why has the moon come?

Where are the stars in the morning?

What does the child find in the meadow just below?

A Child's Prayer.

This little gem is a great favorite and can teach a great moral lesson. Arouse interest and imagination by discussion centering about the following thoughts:

Of what good to people are the song of the bird in the tree top, or the blossoming of the tiny flower in the woods, or the dim light on the dark night? What services can each render?

Tell a story illustrating each situation, as—the ocean liner saved by the light in the lighthouse; the song of the bird that gave courage to the outlawed prince in the prison tower, etc.

Emphasize the moral of the story by several examples; show that by offering to help others a little child can render good services.

Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind.

Have you ever been stung or bitten?

Do you remember the pain:

Has a friend ever been unkind or hurt your feelings?

How did you feel?

Which pain did you remember longer?

Can you think now of some unkind act you

may have done to some dear friend or a parent?

Do you understand now how they must have felt?

The Four Winds.

By way of presentation the teacher should interest the pupils in the general topic—"The winds," what they are, their value, what good, also what harm you have known the winds to do. Have a few simple stories told about such topics as: "How the wind piled up the snow banks on the trolleys;" "a wind storm in the desert;" "what the wind does with the little seeds," etc.

Under the Greenwood Tree.

Discuss with pupils the fun and benefits derived by living in the open. By dividing the poem into two parts (the first and last four lines) memorization of this lyric should offer little difficulty.

Don't Give Up.

Approach the poem through the medium of the story. Cite additional instances which will illustrate the thought of the poem. Draw upon the experiences and observations of the pupils. Correlate with information previously gained in school, such as the story of Bruce and the spider. The poem will achieve its purpose if its teachings can be made to apply in the class room work.

En Voyage.

Would a strong East wind help a sailing vessel cruising from America to France?

Can you think of any vessel it might help at that time?

Why is it that travelers seldom worry now about the direction of the wind when they plan a long trip?

Old Ironsides.

By readings and explanations the teachers should stir the spark of patriotism in the heart of every child. She must teach the lesson that the time-honored relics of a nation must be preserved as sacred. The child must be made to feel the shame and disgrace of destroying such sacred things. Also the teacher must make the child appreciate the great service Holmes did by his poem.

What do you think should be done with old war-flags?

Should every old war-vessel be kept by the Government?

Write a short account of the career of Old Ironsides.

Name five famous American warships that have been prominent in our history.

October's Bright Blue Weather. Type: A descriptive nature poem full of beautiful pictures and

striking passages; almost a rhapsody. This poem, probably written in Colorado, is an expression of that intense feeling for the moods of nature which characterized Helen Hunt Jackson.

Summer is passing with the death of the flowers and the hunt of the bees for winter food; autumn is coming with the fragrance of the grapes, the frost-nips on the gentians and the dropping of the chestnuts from their burrs. Autumn is the time when the many-colored leaves, the rich red apples, and the still redder woodbine, and the brooks laden with countless yellow, brown, and golden leaves show us nature in her gayest apparel.

Then, too, autumn is dear to us, because it gives us the last of the beautiful days out of doors. Soon comes the winter with the snow, ice, sleet and a barren, cheerless landscape. Thoughts of the long winter nights make us begrudge the passing of this season, and so we wander in field and wood to enjoy every precious moment of the best of the year.

Read her poem *September* and Alice Cary's poem *November*. Compare them.

NOTE: As an advance assignment have pupils list the advantages and bounties of June and October, noting especially the things they have observed during the fall.

Which season do you like the best? Why?
Has this poem made you appreciate the autumn any more than you did?

Woodman, Spare that Tree.

In studying this poem, discuss the following with the children:

The value of our trees to the nation, how rapidly they are disappearing, why we must take active steps to save the forests, the relation of the poem to Arbor Day.

The Children's Hour.

Longfellow gave the twilight hour of the day to the children. It was a story hour. One day he heard the children leaving their room above to come down. From his study he could see them coming down the stairs.

Then the children thought of a prank they might play. With a sudden rush through the doors they swooped down upon him; swarming over his chair they held him a prisoner with their hugs and their kisses.

Yet Longfellow says they, not he, are the prisoners. He has them sealed up in the dungeon of his heart, and there he will keep them until its walls have crumbled to death.

He is a prisoner in their arms; they prisoners of his love.

Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.

It seems best that this poem be treated the same way as *America* is presented to the children, bringing out the following truths:

The U. S. A. is the home of the patriot who loves freedom and liberty.

The U. S. A. believes in liberty, and when she has entered the field to fight in freedom's cause, the rest of the world has been made to respect and fear her. Illustrate by reference to War with Spain and the World War.

In Liberty's name the Army and Navy have saved the world in dark times. As long as that Army and Navy remain firm and loyal, America and Liberty are certain of living on.

N. B.—Enunciation: We are not speaking of the “jam of the ocean” or “three chairs for the red, white and blue.”

The First Snow-fall.

To enjoy this poem thoroughly the pupil must have a clear mental picture of a snowfall. The teacher may refer to some well remembered snow storm experienced by all the pupils. To arouse interest, discussion may center about the following thoughts:

When did the storm begin?

Did it come down in a squall? Did it begin gently and silently? Did it snow hard from the very beginning?

As you watched the snow fall, how were the objects changed—the trees, the old wooden fence, the mail box, etc.

How did the birds accept the snow-fall?

How did the landscape look after the snow had ceased falling?

Have you ever wondered what caused the snow-fall?

In presenting the poem, aim to have pupils see how artistically, and yet how faithfully, the poet has described the snow-fall.

Incident of the French Camp.

What impression of Napoleon do you get from this poem?

Is Napoleon's chief thought the boy or the importance of the battle?

Is the boy's main concern his message to his chief or his own condition?

Does the poem give a true picture of Napoleon and the spirit of the French Army?

Sheridan's Ride.

In reading and presenting to the pupils make special note of the force of the poem, particularly of the descriptive passages as:

"The roar (of battle) of that red sea uncontrolled;"

"The dust, like the smoke from the cannon's mouth;"

“The road, like an arrowy Alpine river
flowed;”

“The landscape, like an ocean flying before
the wind;”

“The steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,”
etc.

As a poem to be recited, this poem has many possibilities and has been a favorite of the public speaking platform. If the poem is to be recited at all, care should be taken that it be done well.

Read *How They Brought the Good News*, by Browning, or Longfellow's *Paul Revere's Ride*. Compare poems. Have pupils study a picture of the equestrian statue of Sheridan, or Thulstrup's picture, *Sheridan's Ride*.

Bugle Song.

If in the line “our echoes roll from soul to soul” we substitute the word “influence” for “echoes,” it is very evident that the stanza bears a moral. The poem contrasts the mountain echo and the personal echo. The echo of the bugle grows fainter and fainter until it disappears completely. This is not true of personal influence—this grows stronger as it rolls on, in fact it frequently lives after we have perished.

In reading, the pupils should note the music of the poem, and try to express the dying echoes.

Cf. poem with Moore's *Echoes* and Longfellow's *Arrow and the Song*.

How Doth the Little Busy Bee.

The vocabulary should offer no difficulty.

Approach poem by interesting discussion of the way the bee gathers and stores honey. Aim to have pupils appreciate two things:

1. The skill of the author in describing the work of the bee. The poem was evidently written by a keen observer.
2. The moral of the poem.

A Mother Thought.

By way of introduction have discussion on the topic "Woman's Share in War." With the aid of readings and stories illustrate this for the children.

The Blue and the Gray.

Every pupil should be able to recite this poem, and in presenting it to the pupils, the teacher should aim to express the sincerity of the emotions of love, respect, charity and appreciation, so beautifully given by the poet.

The Old Oaken Bucket.

The poem is an interesting example of our tendency to forget and make light of the inconveniences and hardships of our youth, tending to remember them as pleasures and privileges.

Introduction:

1. Make every effort to secure a picture of an old well with its sweep and bucket attached.

2. In many communities the same inconvenient, unsanitary means of water supply is still used. Refer to them.

3. Where 1 and 2 are not possible, introduce through discussion of means of water supply now in use, and contrast with those of early days.

After the study of words and allusions has cleared up all possible difficulties the teacher, following an appropriate introduction as suggested above, should read the poem to the children with fullest possible expression, striving to cause the pictures which the poem contains to grow and live in the children's minds. Read the poem several times if the class enjoyment justifies it.

The Three Bells.

A vivid picture of a rescue at sea.

By way of introduction:

1. Get pictures of storms at sea, mastless ships, drifting before storm.

2. Recall historic wrecks and rescues at sea, emphasizing the much more desperate plight of disabled vessels before the days of the wireless and steam, when only the rocket and signal gun might be used to call for help.

Presentation:

1. Clear up possible vocabulary difficulties before presenting.

2. Read poem to class with expression.

3. Take up poem by stanzas, reading it, getting out the theme, the pictures, the bits that are most enjoyed; then reading again by the teacher, followed by reading by several children endeavoring to bring out all of the meaning and pictures.

The Violet.

In presenting this poem, the teacher should make a conscious effort to show how faithfully the poet has pictured the flower. The violet should be carefully observed by the pupils so that the poem will be appreciated.

Ode to a Skylark. This is an ode or hymn addressed to the skylark—a lyric.

Memorization: As the poem is so long, it is not desirable that all of it should be committed to memory. It is suggested that the first four, the tenth, the nineteenth and the twenty-first verses be memorized.

By what names does Shelley address the skylark? List the comparisons he makes.

What lines of the poem give us a hint of the personal feeling of the poet while writing the poem?

How does the singing of birds affect you? What is your favorite bird song?

Pick out all the adjectives that describe the song of the lark.

What can the bird's song teach us?

Is the song of the lark always the same? Do birds always utter the same calls or songs? What is your idea of "unpremeditated singing"? How can we best appreciate happiness and joy in life?

Secure a copy of Breton's *Song of the Lark*. Discuss this from the viewpoint of the peasant girl. How can you compare the picture with the poem?

The Star Spangled Banner.

This poem will be developed for the teacher so that she may have an idea how poems may be presented to a class by assigning in advance work which pupils are to do outside of school as preparation.

1. Assignment and preparation:

Two days in advance; take time from reading lesson to announce that class is to study the poem *The Star Spangled Banner*. Spend a few moments in appealing to patriotism, discussing why we should feel a need and obligation to learn of the circumstances in connection with writing the poem and its meaning for us.

Display the picture *The Inspiration*, where children may study it for the next two days.

Assign topics as follows:

1. Life of Francis Scott Key.
2. The attack on Fort McHenry.

3. How the poem appeared before the people.

4. General Orders No. 201 of the War Department.

5. Word study: gleaming, ramparts, rocket, bomb, haughty host, towering steep, fitfully blows, freeman, heaven-rescued, motto.

2. Brief talk by teacher on meaning of "national anthem" and a brief re-statement about the value of the poem to every child.

Report on topics 1, 2, 3, 4.

Discussion of the picture *The Inspiration*.

Teacher, or a pupil who reads with good expression, reads the entire poem or it may be sung by class.

Discussion and interpretation of poem. Pupils will be expected to know the meaning of the words assigned.

Teacher—Read Rupert Brooks' *The Soldier* or Bayard Taylor's *Song of the Camp*.

A Patriotic Creed.

Correlate with this the *American Creed*, by William Tyler Page.

The Chambered Nautilus. Type: Majority of authorities consulted classify this as "An Interpretation of Nature."

Secure a picture of the nautilus, so that the pupils understand how the animal develops.

The Charge of the Light Brigade.

Read Tennyson's *Charge of the Heavy Brigade at Balaklava*. Compare with our poem.

Which do you prefer? Why?

Secure a copy of the picture, *The Charge of the Light Brigade*.

Concord Hymn.

After reviewing the circumstances that led to the battle of Concord and reading the poem, discuss:

1. The purpose and value of battle monuments, tablets, etc.

2. The main thoughts of the ode:

a That the stone may serve to keep alive the memory of the event.

b That the spirit of the Minute Man will bid time and nature spare the monument which has been raised.

Read Dr. Holmes' poem *Lexington*. Secure pictures of *The Minute Man* statue, Daniel French, sculptor. Discuss this statue.

The Destruction of Sennacherib.

The first point to dwell upon is the Easterners' love of display. An Eastern army going forth to war was and still is much more of a pageant than is the grim khaki and gray of the armies of Europe and America. Hence we have the "gleam and sheen" of the first verse—the light reflected from the spear

and lance and banner. This love of bright color can best be visualized by means of pictures. The very best pictures for this purpose would be views of the "Durbar" or installation of George V as emperor of India.

Memorization: It is suggested that verses 1-3 and 6 be memorized.

To a Waterfowl.

Compare the poem with *The Sandpiper*.

Which do you enjoy more?

Which is more convincing?

Columbus. Type: Not only historical, but a study of character,—namely, that of Columbus.

In a sense this poem is narrative, and is, therefore, readily understood by pupils. We have in their natural order the sequence of events from the time Columbus leaves until America is discovered. Attention should be brought to the splendid description of the stormy night of October 11 as it is found in stanza 4.

This poem expresses no sentimentalism. It is a vigorous poem, which has for its chief aim the teaching of a great moral truth—the power of perseverance. It is this great moral courage that made possible the discovery of America and made the land which Columbus discovered the leader of the nations.

Much of the poem will be lost if the pupils fail

to appreciate the situation in which Columbus was placed. With but "the ghost of shores" and "shoreless seas" before him, fighting down the mutiny of his men and struggling against storms and "mad seas," Columbus had the courage to give the direction, "Sail on." Read to the children selections from the diary of Columbus. Help them to imagine the situation. Emphasize the mutiny, the storm, the calm courage of Columbus. Have them live again with Columbus the last long night on deck when

"Pale and worn, he kept his deck, and peered
through darkness"

until the early flush of day revealed a new world.

Secure a copy of Piloty's picture, *Columbus on the Deck of the Santa Maria*.

Cf. poem with Tennyson's *Ulysses*.

O Captain! My Captain!

NOTE: In presenting this poem to the children for memorization the teacher must attempt to express faithfully the sentiments, either of joy or sorrow, which the lines give. This poem requires careful coaching on the part of the teacher if the children are to give it with good expression.

Read Vachel Lindsay's poem, *Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight*.

Gettysburg Address.

Though usually written in prose form this address is worthy of a place among the world's great lyrics. It is really a pæan.

Read Robert Bridge's poem, *To the United States of America*.

Secure copy of the picture of St. Gaudens' statue of Lincoln.

Ye Mariners of England. This is regarded as the finest sea song ever written.

Introduction: Discuss the part played by the British navy during the World War.

2. Read the poem to the class several times, striving to call forth the fervor of spirit which gave rise to it.

3. Take up study of poem by stanzas, getting out the theme and fine passages of each. Note that the last four lines of each stanza is a refrain or chorus.

Themes:

Stanza 1.—Calls to the mariners, the defenders of the empire, to launch once more to the attack (war has just been declared). Get the sweep and melody of the refrain. Note the fine choice of words to carry the thought and suggest the sound.

Stanza 2.—Ye shall not fight alone, for from every wave the spirits of your fathers and fallen heroes shall come to inspire you.

Stanza 3.—Britain needs no fortresses, for the sea is her defense and her home.

Stanza 4.—Declares that the flag will burn like a meteor till the war is fought and peace returns. Then, ye ocean-warriors: Our song and feast shall flow to the fame of your name.

The Quality of Mercy.

Portia's speech should be carefully explained to the pupils. To secure greater interest the situation of the story that led to the court scene should be explained. Discuss the problem of "mercy" in terms of experience, observation or knowledge from history, etc., that children may know of.

Child's Evening Hymn.

As night comes, an imaginative child might think of

the quiet and rest from the day's work and play,

the dangers of the dark night—the storm-tossed vessel with its cargo of suffering souls, the lost caravan wandering aimlessly in the dark,

the evil that is done in the stillness of night—such as the violent acts of murderers and thieves.

In this evening hymn the child asks of the Heavenly Father—

His protection from the dangers and evils of the
night,

His loving care and guidance toward a noble,
pure life.

Spoken words cannot give us the full beauty of
this little gem. Only the sweet voices of little chil-
dren, singing this beautiful hymn, can translate its
full power and meaning.

Visit from Saint Nicholas.

Aim for a free discussion of the legendary Santa.
Such questions as the following may help:

Why was everything so still? Did you notice
the size of St. Nick, his sleigh and his reindeer?

What do you think of the names of the reindeer?

Why was everything done so quickly? Is that
the kind of Santa you thought he was?

Describe Santa after studying this poem.

The Great, Wide, Beautiful World.

In developing this poem with the young child,
discuss the great number of natural objects and the
huge bulk of the world. How far is it around the
world, how high are the mountains? etc. Develop
the number of things these objects can do—what
can the sun, the stars, the wind, the rain, the rivers,
the air do? Then discuss people, particularly chil-
dren. How large is the biggest boy or girl you
know? What are some of the big things you have
known a boy or girl to do? Can't we do some

things, lots of things, that the world can't do? What are some of those things? What things does the poem suggest?

Read and discuss Emerson's *Mountain and the Squirrel*.

The Lamplighter.

Why is it the boy is not running about outside with the other boys when Leerie passes by? Have you ever seen a lamplighter? What kind of lights do you see him light? Why does he carry a ladder and a light? Why was the little boy lucky in having a light before his door? Why do you think the lamplighter was so popular with the little boy? Was it because of his way with children or because of his daily task? What kind of lights was Stevenson going to light when he grew up?

Which Loved Best? This lyric poem is, in a sense, didactic.

How can a child show his love for his parents? How do you show your parents that you love them? Can you do this better by saying so, or by doing things to help them? How do you know your parents love you? Did the children's mother guess, or did she know which one loved her best?

Seven Times One.

Is the little girl happy? Why? Why is she so interested in the lambs, the moon, the bee, the colum-

bine, the linnet? Did you notice how friendly and sympathetic her interest is?

Friends.

What do you mean by a true friend? Name some of your friends? Can you have friends that are not persons? Name some of these. Can a book be a friend? How can the sun, the sky, the wind be a friend? Have you ever felt that these friends were with you as you set out alone for a ramble in the woods? Then why are you afraid when you walk alone? Has this poem helped to make you more courageous? How so?

Twenty-third Psalm.

Who are the sheep? Tell the duties of a shepherd. Can you tell the story of David? Was God a good shepherd to David? Was David a faithful shepherd to the flock? Have you confidence in the Shepherd? Why?

Selections from Hiawatha.

To what kind of school did Hiawatha go? Was it as good a school as yours? Would you rather go to it than to your own? What kind of lessons did he have to learn? Would you rather have those lessons than the kind you have? Why? Who were his companions and playmates? Just what kind of a boy was Hiawatha? Would you like to have him for a playmate?

The One Hundred Twenty-first Psalm.

What things give us hope and courage? In what way is God "a keeper"? Just how could this poem give courage to the wandering shepherd or the merchant of Israel who was about to set forth on a journey of several days? Does the poem help you?

Miller of Dee. This lyric is, in a sense, didactic.

As you compare the lives of a miller and a king, which do you imagine would be the easier, happier, more useful, more satisfactory? In what ways can we envy others? Does this lead to happiness? Do you think the miller had reason to be happy and the king cause to be sad? Was Robert Louis Stevenson right when he wrote:

"The world is so full of a number of things,
I am sure we should all be as happy as kings?"

The Sandpiper.

From reading the poem are you led to believe that a storm has just passed or that a storm is about to break? The girl is gathering driftwood. Why? What is the sandpiper gathering?

Read Stanza 2 carefully. Now describe the day in your own words.

In what ways are the girl and the sandpiper comrades?

The last is the most beautiful stanza of all. Re-read Bryant's *Lines to a Waterfowl*. Does this

stanza have the same message as the last verse of Bryant's poem?

The American Flag.

In Stanza 1 we have the author's idea of the birth of Old Glory. Old Glory was designed by Freedom. *Our* flag is also *her* flag. Where did she get the materials? What furnished the red, white and blue colors?

In the next stanza we have Old Glory streaming from the masthead of a battleship. Note the inspiration the flag gives to the fighting sailor. The dying seaman smiles contentedly upon the banner, because he knows he has given his life, not only for his country, but for the cause of freedom.

In the closing stanza the American Flag stands for the hopes and homes of all people seeking freedom. Heaven-born, the banner lights the vaults of Heaven with the light of freedom. And then, the poet asks, will it ever be possible for anyone to conquer America as long as she stands for the principles of freedom? What do you think of this?

Robin Hood.

Evidently Keats is comparing life in two periods—that of his own day with the period of the “merrie men” outlaws of the twelfth century. Which period does he seem to favor? Why? What are some of the evils of his time with which Robin Hood did not have to contend? Was Keats a nature poet extoll-

ing the beauty of nature? Is he sincere or do you think he is merely taking a sarcastic fling at his own times?

Excelsior.

Mr. Longfellow's letter explains the purpose and meaning of the poem, but the following questions are worth considering:

Why did Longfellow select the Alps for the setting of the story? Why have his character a youth; why not a middle-aged or old man? Why did the youth begin his climb in the evening? Is *Excelsior* a strange device? Why did the youth speak "an unknown tongue"? Why are there no peasants at the top of the mountain? Why is the climber "alone" after he leaves the monks? Why was the youth "beautiful" in death? And why should a voice call "Excelsior" after the youth has perished and failed?

Robert of Lincoln.

How do you account for the name "Robert of Lincoln"?

Compare the two birds, the male and the female, as to dress, song characteristics.

What causes the great change in Robert of Lincoln?

How does he act as winter approaches? Is he the same old bird of the previous spring?

Does this poem correctly describe the bob-o-link?
Has the poet served you by teaching you something about one of our common American birds?

The Inchcape Rock.

The meaning of the story is very evident.

What was the Abbot's motive in placing the bell on the rocks? What was Sir Ralph's motive in destroying it? Did the pirate deserve his fate? Why?

Lochinvar.

Of what famous poem is this selection a part? Read the poem carefully, then describe Lochinvar. Did Lochinvar do the right thing? Prove your case.

Lead, Kindly Light.

In this poem Cardinal Newman confesses the mistakes he had made and in no uncertain terms expresses his great faith in God as the director of his life. Did he always look to God for guidance? How does it happen "he is far from home"? Because of God's guidance on this earth he is sure of a world and life hereafter where he will meet again those dear friends whom he has missed and lost.

The Last Leaf.

Why don't we have criers to-day? Is it the fact that he is old that makes the man unhappy? Study the poem carefully. Describe the man as he must

have looked when a youth and then describe him as he looks now. Why does Holmes speak of him as "the last leaf on the tree"? What does the poet mean by "in the spring"?

Burial of Sir John Moore.

How is a military funeral generally conducted? In what respects was Moore's burial different? Why? How can you describe best the attitude of the soldiers? How many of you knew of the military fame of Sir John Moore? Which has done more to keep his name fresh in the minds of Englishmen—his war record or the poem by Rev. Charles Wolfe?

Prospice.

What attitude has Browning toward death? Is it a struggle against a stronger foe? Can it be avoided? Is it worth fighting against, or is it better to yield? In what way was Browning "ever a fighter"? Is death the moment when "the worst turns the best to the brave"? Is death the end of everything, or is it the beginning of something better?

Crossing the Bar.

Why is the trip made at evening? What is the "one clear call"? How could you describe the vessel? Where is the Pilot? How long will the trip be and how far will the wanderer go? Just what do you understand by "the bar"? Compare the

spirit of this poem with Browning's *Prospice*. Which poem do you like better? Why?

What the Shepherd is to David in his beautiful psalm such is the Pilot to Tennyson. The Pilot and the Shepherd perform a service of love, through the evils and dangers of life. They serve as a staunch protector of the weak against the strong, and in the hours of doubt and uncertainty they are, like Cardinal Newman's "Kindly Light," a safe guide, leading weary pilgrims to a haven of rest.

My Heart's in the Highlands.

Where does the Bible tell us our heart is? Does that explain why Burns' heart is in the Highlands? Is it natural for a man's heart to be bound forever to his country? What does Burns find to love in the Highlands? Was Burns a lover of Nature and outdoor life? Can you tell something about Burns' nature poems?

Nathan Hale. This lyric has some of the elements of the elegy.

Read the story of Nathan Hale. Does the poet give a correct picture of the capture of Hale? For what is Hale to be honored—his mission, or the manner of his death? After reading the poem do you have greater resentment toward the British or greater respect for Hale?

Secure copy of the picture of Nathan Hale statue at City Hall Park, New York. Discuss this picture.

The Sea.

What is your own attitude in regard to the sea: do you fear it, or feel "at home" on it? Would you like to spend all your life on the sea? Have you ever been aboard ship during a heavy storm? Has the poet given an accurate picture of a storm at sea? Does the poem suggest any possible reason for the poet's love of the sea?

Breathes There the Man.

Have you ever felt rise within you a great love for your country? What caused it? Why?

Can you think of a man who does not love his country?

Has your history told you of any man who thought of his own gain first and was disloyal to his country? What happened to him?

Discuss or read *Man Without a Country*. Read the account of the death of Benedict Arnold.

Opportunity.

Both the craven and the Prince had the same sword to use. Why did the one use it while the other threw it away in disgust? Which is better—a fine sword or a spirit like the Prince's? Do you know of anyone who used an opportunity that someone else had thrown away.

To the teacher—Prove the point of the poem by historical and biographical references. The story of the Panama Canal furnishes material.

Auld Lang Syne.

Shouldn't we keep sacred and fresh the memory of the good days of the past? Why not reminisce and then celebrate with a little party? A story of the past, a song, a clasp of the hand—those things make the past live forever and help make life worth while.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

ADDISON, JOSEPH—Noted chiefly as English Essayist. Born in Wiltshire May 1, 1672; died June 17, 1719. Wrote some good poetry, but did his best work as critic and essay writer.

ALEXANDER, MRS. CECIL—Born in Ireland in 1830 (Cecil Frances Humphreys). Married Rev. Wm. Alexander, later Bishop of Derry. Author of many hymns and poems on Biblical subjects. Won recognition by her *Burial of Moses*. Died October 12, 1898.

BARING-GOULD, SABINE—An English clergyman, born in 1834. He was the author of various hymns, as *Onward, Christian Soldiers*; wrote several works of fiction; and was an authority on old-time superstitions and beliefs.

BROWN, ABBIE FARWELL—A native and a resident of Boston, is a frequent contributor to magazines, writing especially juvenile poems and stories. She has also written the librettos of several comic operas. Several volumes of her poems and stories have been published, as *A Book of Saints and Friendly Beasts*, and *A Pocketful of Posies*.

BROWNING, ROBERT—Born May 7, 1812, at Camberwell, England. Devoted himself wholly to literature, particularly poetry. Spent much of his life in Italy, where he died in 1889. Most of his poems are meant for adult readers.

BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN—Born at Cummington, Mass., 1794, died in New York City 1878. Practiced law for nine years, then devoted remainder of his life to work as author and editor of New York *Evening Post*.

- BURNS, ROBERT—The son of a poor farmer, Burns was born in Ayrshire, Scotland, in 1759. He had little schooling, but early began to write songs of country life, which proved his genius, and attracted much attention. He was always poor, however, and died at the age of thirty-seven, having written *Tam O'Shanter*, *To a Mouse*, *The Cotter's Saturday Night*, and many other poems which are unexcelled in Scotch literature.
- BYRON, GEORGE GORDON (LORD)—Born in London, January 22, 1788, died of fever at Missolonghi, Greece, April 19, 1824, while helping Greeks free themselves from the Turks. Spent his time in travel and in writing. Though he lived but a short time, upon his death he was acknowledged to be one of Europe's most famous authors.
- CAMPBELL, THOMAS—Born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1777. Educated for ministry—attained distinction of being three times Rector of the University of Glasgow. His war odes won for him a place in the literary world. Died 1844.
- CARY, PHEBE—Born near Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1824. In 1850, she and her sister, Alice, came to New York to make their living as writers. Both were already known to the literary world, and both were recognized before their early death as among the leading women poets of the country. The two sisters are always mentioned almost as one. They lived together, worked together, their poems are always published together, and when Alice died, Phoebe soon followed her. She died in Rhode Island, in 1871.
- CHILD, LYDIA M.—Noted as an American prose-writer. Born February 11, 1802, at Medford, Mass. She was an ardent Abolitionist and wrote the first book on that subject, *Appeal for that class of Americans called Africans*. Died in Wayland, Mass., in 1880.
- CRAGIN, MARY RANDLE WILLARD (Mrs. E. B.), is better known, perhaps, by her pseudonym of Joy Allison. Born in Wilimantic, Conn., in 1864, she is now resident in New York.
- DRAKE, JOSEPH RODMAN—Born in New York City, in 1795, and died in 1820, of consumption. He was only twenty-

one when he wrote *The Culprit Fay* to prove what he had said in conversation, that the rivers of America had as great poetic possibilities as those of Scotland. Much of Drake's poetry was written in collaboration with Fitz-Greene Halleck.

EDWARDS, MATILDA B.—Born in Suffolk, England, in 1836. Educated at home, traveled extensively. After her first successful novel, at age of nineteen, settled down to a literary life. Had a great interest in France and the French. Died 1919.

EMERSON, RALPH WALDO—Born in Boston, May 25, 1803; died April 27, 1882, at Concord, then acknowledged the literary center of America. After giving a few years to the ministry, he devoted the remainder of his time to lecturing, writing and philosophy. He made three trips abroad. His literary works are of two classes—essays and poems. He is recognized as one of the best American essayists and thinkers.

FIELD, EUGENE—Noted chiefly as an American journalist, born in St. Louis, September 2, 1850. His poems and tales in the press soon won him a high reputation in the West. At his death in Chicago, November 4, 1895, he was a national figure.

FINCH, FRANCIS MILES—Born in Ithaca, N. Y., June 9, 1827. Studied law, finally achieving distinction as judge of the United States District Court. His *The Blue and the Gray* won him a place in American literature. Died in 1907.

FOSTER, STEPHEN COLLINS—Born in 1826, near Pittsburg, Pa. He is known as the author of over one hundred and sixty songs, such as *Nelly Bly*, *Old Black Joe*, *Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming*, *Old Folks at Home*. His first published song, *Open Thy Lattice, Love*, appeared when he was only sixteen. In 1864, he died in New York City.

GALBRAITH, LT. COL. WILLIAM CAMPBELL—Born at Campbelltown, England, February 11, 1870. Though professionally a soldier, he has contributed many military articles and

poems to the press. He served in the Great War and is now Director of Admiralty Housing.

GUEST, EDGAR A.—Born at Birmingham, England, August 20, 1881. Came to America in 1891, educated here for journalism. Connected with *Detroit Free Press*. Contributes verses and humorous sketches.

HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL—Born in Cambridge, Mass., August 29, 1809, and died in Boston in 1894. Graduated from Harvard in 1829; for thirty-five years served as professor of anatomy and physiology. As a man of letters he gained fame as poet, humorist, wit, essayist and novelist.

INGELOW, JEAN—Born in England in 1820. She wrote many poems and stories, the best known being her *Songs of Seven* and the *High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire*. Died in 1897.

JACKSON, HELEN HUNT—Born at Amherst, Mass., 1831 (daughter of Professor W. W. Fiske of Amherst), married Captain Hunt, an army engineer. After his death she married W. S. Jackson of Colorado Springs. Besides her poems she gained distinction as a novelist, her greatest achievement being *Ramona*. She died in 1885.

KEATS, JOHN—Born in London, England, in 1795. At fifteen he was apprenticed to a surgeon, but gave more attention to poetry than to surgery, and when his five-years' apprenticeship ended, he gave up the profession entirely. He died of consumption in Rome, in the year 1821, his poems *The Eve of St. Agnes*, *Hyperion*, *Lamia*, *Endymion*, *The Pot of Basil*, and others, having already classed him with the greatest poets of his time.

KEY, FRANCIS SCOTT—Born in Frederick County, Maryland, in 1779, practiced law in Washington, D. C. Upon his death in 1843, his miscellaneous poems were collected and published. *The Star Spangled Banner* is the only one of importance.

KINGSLEY, CHARLES—Born in Devonshire, England, June 18, 1819. Educated for ministry, served as Rector at Eversley

from 1844 until his death in 1875. He is best known as a novelist, having written but little poetry.

KIPLING, RUDYARD—Born at Bombay, India, of English parents, December 30, 1865. Educated at United Service College; traveled in Asia, Australia, and Africa; lived for some time in the United States, where he married Miss Balestier, an American. He is now living in London; has achieved world-wide fame as prose and verse writer.

LARCOM, LUCY—Born in 1826, at Beverly, Mass. She was for some years a mill-girl in Lowell, where she edited the mill-girls' paper, *The Lowell Offering*. She has written many poems, as *Hannah Binding Shoes* and *By the Fireside*, and a number for children, as *The Brown Thrush* and *Run, Little Rivulet, Run*. She died in Boston, in 1893.

LINCOLN, ABRAHAM—Born February 12, 1809, in Kentucky, assassinated at Washington, D. C., April 14, 1865. Known as American statesman and President during the Civil War. With the exception of addresses and speeches he contributed but little to American literature.

LONGFELLOW, HENRY W.—Born at Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807. Until 1854 he spent his time in study and then teaching at Bowdoin and Harvard. From 1854 until his death in 1882 he spent his time at literary work, writing both prose and verse. He is, without doubt, the most widely read American poet.

LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL—Born in Cambridge, Mass., February 22, 1819, at Elmwood, which was his lifelong home, and where he died in 1891. Though he prepared for the law, he never practiced, for he immediately devoted himself to literature. For twenty years he was professor of modern languages at Harvard. As an editor he did splendid work on *Atlantic Monthly* and *North American Review*. He served his country as Minister to Spain and England. Lowell was one of America's greatest literary critics and scholars.

- MCCRAE, JOHN D.—A physician of Montreal, was made a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Canadian Army. He died while on hospital service, January 28, 1918. *In Flanders Fields* was written April, 1915, during the second battle of Ypres.
- MACKAY, CHARLES—Born in 1814, in Scotland. He was a journalist and compiler of books, but wrote much in both prose and poetry, his best-known poems being probably *There's a Good Time Coming* and *Old Tubal Cain*. Died in 1889.
- MASON, CAROLINE ATHERTON (BRIGGS)—A noted American verse-writer, was born in Marblehead, Mass., July 27, 1823. Died in 1889.
- MILLER, JOAQUIN—(His real name is Cincinnatus Hiner Miller). Born in Indiana in 1841, has spent most of his time in West and Nicaragua. Has written both prose and poetry.
- MOORE, CLEMENT C.—Born in New York City in 1779, and died in Newport, R. I., in 1863. He was a Professor of Theology, and compiled the first Hebrew-English lexicon of this country. He is remembered, however, not by this work, which took years to accomplish, but by the jingling Christmas verse which he wrote one day to amuse his children.
- MORRIS, GEORGE POPE—Born in Philadelphia, October 10, 1802, died in New York City, July 6, 1864. Established a reputation as an American journalist. With Samuel Woodworth, author of *Old Oaken Bucket*, founded *The New York Mirror*, in 1823.
- NEWMAN, JOHN HENRY—Born in England in 1801. He became first a clergyman in the Church of England, but later joined the Roman Catholic Church, and was made a Cardinal some years before his death in 1890. He wrote a number of hymns which have been collected in *Lyra Apostolica*; he was a powerful speaker and writer; and his autobiography, *Apologia Pro Vita Sua*, is of unusual interest.
- OXENHAM, JOHN—A successful English novelist. Early life devoted to successful business career. Traveled extensively

on Continent and America, spending some time in United States. Early writings done because of pleasure in writing, later gave up business to be an author.

PROCTER, BRYAN WALLER (BARRY CORNWALL)—Born in England in 1787. He was a lawyer, but wrote several biographies, and a number of poems, as *A Petition to Time*, *The Flood of Thessaly*, and his best-known *The Sea*. He died in 1874.

RANDS, WILLIAM BRIGHTY—Born in England, in 1827. He wrote much, under the pseudonyms of Matthew Browne and Henry Holbeach, but is best known by his *Lilliput Lectures* and other books for children, written under the name of Lilliput Levee. He died in 1882.

READ, THOMAS BUCHANAN—Born in Chester County, Pa., March 12, 1822. His chief interest in life was portrait painting, but he did not do anything of merit in this. He is remembered, however, for his few contributions to American literature. Died in New York City, May 11, 1872.

RILEY, JAMES WHITCOMB—Born in Greenfield, Indiana, in 1853. His contributions to periodicals and newspapers gained public favor in 1875. From then until his death in 1917 he devoted his time to poetry, lecturing and public readings.

SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM—Born at Stratford-on-Avon, England, April 23, 1564, and died there April 23, 1616. While employed about the playhouses of London he wrote his famous plays, at times taking some of the parts. In these plays are to be found his best poems. His name holds first place in English literature.

SHAW, D. T.—Little authentic information can be given of Shaw. It is possible that his home was in Philadelphia and that he was interested in the stage.

SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE—Born in Horsham, England, August 4, 1792. While at Oxford University he wrote several poems, some of which were published later. Shelley led

a roaming life, visiting Europe several times. While boating in Italy in 1821 he was drowned.

SHERMAN, F. D.—Born at Peekskill, N. Y., in 1860. He attended the school of Architecture at Columbia University. He finally became Professor in this school. He has written considerable light verse which has attracted public notice.

SILL, EDWARD ROWLAND—Poet, professor, editor, was born at Windsor, Conn., in 1841, and died in 1887, at Cleveland, Ohio. Among his best poems are *The Fool's Prayer* and *Opportunity*.

SMITH, SAMUEL FRANCIS—Born in Boston in 1808. Graduated from Harvard, entered the ministry. He was the editor of several religious publications and noted for his hymn writing. During the year of his death, 1895, his numerous poems and hymns were collected and published.

SOUTHEY, ROBERT—Born at Bristol, England, in 1774. He tried to study both medicine and law, but gave up both for a life of authorship of most intense activity. The list of his writings amounts to one hundred and nine volumes, including much history and biography, especially a *Life of Nelson*, and many poems, as *Joan of Arc*, *Roderick*, *The Last of the Goths*, and *After Blenheim*. In 1813 he was made Poet Laureate of England, and in 1843 he died.

STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS—Born in Edinburgh, Scotland, November 13, 1850. After studying for the law, he traveled extensively because of his delicate health, writing verse and prose. He made two visits to the United States. Finally he went to Samoan Islands, where he died, December 3, 1894.

TAYLOR, JANE—An English writer for the young, was born in London in 1783. Several volumes of her poems were published in America. She died in London in 1824.

TENNYSON, ALFRED (LORD)—Born August 6, 1809, at Somersby, England. Educated at Cambridge University. He devoted his entire life to poetry. In 1850 he was ap-

pointed Poet Laureate, and was again honored in 1883 by being raised to the Peerage. He died October 6, 1892, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. He was recognized as England's leading poet, for half a century.

THAXTER (MRS.) CELIA (LAIGHTON)—Born in Portsmouth, N. H., June 20, 1836. Most of her life was spent in literary work at the Isles of Shoals. She died at Appledore, Isle of Shoals, August 26, 1894. Her poems deal chiefly with nature and the sea.

WATTS, ISAAC—Born in Southampton, England, July 17, 1674. Most of his time was spent in and about London as a clergyman. He gained considerable attention as a writer of hymns and moral songs for children. He died in 1748.

WHITMAN, WALT—Born at West Hills, Long Island, May 31, 1819. Had little schooling and until the Civil War he earned his living as a laborer and mechanic. During the war he served as a nurse. His strange and unusual poetry had won him recognition, but his *O Captain, My Captain*, made him a national figure. He died in Camden, New Jersey, in 1892.

WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF—Born at Haverhill, Mass., December 17, 1807. Died September 7, 1892. Whittier had a limited education and spent most of his time in the country. For three years he was interested in journalism, but soon gave this up, retiring to Danvers, Mass., where he spent the last fifty years of his life. Whittier's poetry centers about country life, nature and the abolition of slavery.

WOLFE, CHARLES—Born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1791, and died at the age of thirty. He was a clergyman, and wrote occasional poetry, but nothing worth remembering except *The Burial of Sir John Moore*.

WOODWORTH, SAMUEL—An American journalist, born in Scituate, Mass., January 13, 1785. He was the editor and founder of several journals and magazines and wrote a two-volume history of the War of 1812. He wrote many poems,

but is remembered only because of *The Old Oaken Bucket*.
Died in New York in 1842.

WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM—Born in Cumberland, England, April 7, 1770. Though trained for law, Wordsworth devoted his life to literature. He traveled extensively through Scotland, England and Europe. In 1843 he was appointed Poet Laureate, a position he held until his death, April 23, 1850.

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